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ORIGINAL ARTICLES

THE SYNTHESIS OF DREAMS: A STUDY OF A SERIES OF ONE HUNDRED DREAMS

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

We have become familiar during recent years with the analysis of dreams. The typical form of such dream-analysis may fairly be said to be due to Freud. His *Die Traumdeutung* marks an epoch in the study of dreams; that much be recognized even by those who question the general validity of the principles there applied. Never before had so concentrated and piercing an energy of intellectual vision been applied to the phenomena of a dream. Never before had so much been read out of—though some might say read into—an isolated dream. On the whole, without doubt, dream-analysis, as thus understood, has become an accredited method. There may be wide differences of opinion as to its special details, or its general limitations, or its universal validity, but as a method it stands. It may even be said to stand so firmly that no other method of dream study is at the present time being carried out with the same thoroughness, if even it is being carried out at all. Yet there is at least one other method of dream-study which is of the same psychological validity, and that is the method which I would term dream-synthesis.

It may fairly be said that the method of dream-synthesis is, as a scientific method—for as an unscientific method dream-analysis had its beginnings early in human history—older than the other methods. Everyone who makes a study of the characteristics of his own dreams may be said to be occupied with dream-synthesis. In America, also, at one time (as we may see in the early volumes of the *American Journal of Psychology*), there have been some more or less thorough attempts at a scientifically methodical dream-synthesis. So far as I

am aware, however, dream-synthesis has never been carried out in a really conscientious and relentlessly scientific spirit. A psychoanalyst who reads any of these early series of dreams must be tempted to think that he is in the presence of people whose waking daytime lives are of an appallingly obscene character, for all the shamefaced thoughts and desires which among the ordinary educated population are not allowed to present themselves to public daily life, and often never even to waking consciousness and so are driven to seek freedom in the world of dreams, seem never to reach those people's dreams; they must all have been expended in waking life. The modern psychosynthetist of dreams, however, will have another story to tell. His experience enables him to state, with assurance, that these people are not honest: although they rarely, perhaps never, admit it, they are acting as the conscious and deliberate censors of the experiences they narrate: they are only concerned in reality, to present a partial, tame, misleading, respectable and conventional picture of the great world of dreams. Such a method may bring out interesting points of detail in the mechanism of dreaming. But that is all. It can reveal nothing of real life in the dream-world, and can have no vital relationship to the large fundamental facts of human psychology. In the same way, a geography which prudishly refused to admit the existence of rivers or to mention peninsulas could furnish no satisfactorily scientific account of the earth.

I have significantly referred to geography because it seems to me that dream-synthesis, in its advantages and its limitations, fairly corresponds, when we are comparing the soul to the earth, to geography. Dream-analysis, in its advantages and limitations, obviously corresponds to geology. The geologist cuts down below the surface, more or less at random, and draws a section of the strata he comes across, or he knocks off a fragment of rock for microscopical examination, and, in the measure of his knowledge and experience, he makes the most far-reaching deductions, which may be profoundly true, although they are often violently disputed by other geologists. The geographer, on the other hand, travels over the surface in all directions and describes it comprehensively so as to present a balanced and duly proportioned picture of its whole extent; he cannot be so thorough as the geologist, who works from below upward, with its origins and genetic course; but, as he works from above downward, he is able to take with more certainty a comprehensive outlook; so his results are usually less disputable than the geologist's and may often serve to check the geologist's more revolutionary speculations.

Thus each method has its own advantages and limitations; each really aids the other.*

The method of dream-analysis, however, as we know, with all its good qualities and all their defects, is now so familiar and so well established that it has long ceased to have any pioneering interest, or to offer any scope for scientific adventure. It is not so with dream-synthesis. So far, at all events, as I know—I may easily be wrong—there has yet been no scrupulous and completely relentless attempt—for without scrupulosity and complete relentlessness no step in science can ever be taken—to present a reliable series of dreams extensive enough to reveal an unconscious soul. That is my excuse for what I am here attempting. None can know better than I know that I have not succeeded. But I venture to think that I have been able to carry the method a step farther forward. That is all I claim. The subject we are here concerned with appeared, before this experiment began, to be decidedly below the average in dreaming activity. Moreover, although she was at the time in a rather troubled and uncertain mental and nervous condition, there was here no pronounced psychoneurotic problem to unravel, such as would more especially allure the dream-analyst. The superficial simplicity of the phenomena is, I need not add, altogether an advantage when we are concerning ourselves exclusively with questions of method.

Madame N., the subject in question, is a lady of French birth on both sides, born and bred in France, but for many years resident in London. She was thirty-two years of age at the period in question, married and the mother of children. She was trained in an *École Normale* for the teaching profession, but since marriage the economic conditions of her life have often been hard and trying. During the whole of the period covered by the dreams, her husband, an officer in the army, was absent in a remote country; owing to incompatibility of temperament she was meditating a complete separation. The dreams, often noted down during the night and written out as soon as possible after awaking in the morning, were nearly all written in

* Since the present investigation was completed, the importance of what I have termed the synthetic study of dreams has been independently asserted in a leading article of the *British Medical Journal* on "The Statistical Method in Psychological Analysis" (Nov. 11, 1922). It is here pointed out that in the interpretation of a dream by analysis "the answer must depend on a knowledge of the frequency with which dream incidents of the type considered occur" in the dream life of people generally, and that "the collection and analysis of such data is difficult but not beyond the bounds of research."

French, and inevitably lose in translation; for dream-synthesis, however, that loss is less significant than it would be in dream-analysis where the actual word is often of fundamental importance. For the same reason, that we are not here concerned with analysis, the dream-narratives have sometimes been slightly condensed in translation, care being taken to omit nothing that could fairly be regarded as likely to be significant. The subject is a woman of high intelligence, who took a real interest in the experiment, and tried to carry it out faithfully. It is possible to rely on her complete frankness, though the effort involved was sometimes a little trying to her. In ordinary life, it may be said, she is rather shy and reserved, though she rarely fails to secure the affectionate esteem of those with whom she comes in habitual social contact.

DREAM I. Night of 28th March: A few days after the beginning of monthly period. An hour before going to bed I had a light supper with a glass of sherry, which is contrary to my usual habits. I liked the sherry but it went slightly to my head, giving me an agreeable sensation of pleasure and quiet gaiety, rather strange to me in these sorrowful days [of war time].

When the memory of the dream begins I was seated on the ground, I know not where, for I see nothing, only a gate behind me, through which on slightly turning my head I saw a man who seemed to have entered by the half-open door. He appeared a man of the people, strong and well-built. I seemed to experience a feeling of pleasure in furtively looking at him, especially his body covered with coarse clothing. He was a heavy, not perhaps very distinguished figure, but his shoulders interested me. Robust and solid, with those slow and indolent movements one often notes in men of the people, my man was filling a bucket, or buckets, with coal. There seemed to be coal everywhere.

Then the dream seemed suspended, but it was continued. I was now in the room where the man had been filling the buckets with coal. I do not remember getting up from the position I was in, nor entering the room, but I suddenly saw myself there. I noticed that the room is long and narrow, with the door in the middle of one of the long side walls. Opposite the door, on the other side wall, I see a long shelf with books, nothing else. The coal has disappeared, the room has become extremely clean, and the man is no longer there; at all events I do not see him.

All at once I am outside the room; I do not know how I achieved this. The man is behind me at the right; his right arm is supported by what must be a piece of furniture. I turn my back to him; he dominates me and speaks to me, and without my turning round, slightly bending his head forward as if trying to see me in profile from the right. His voice

is persuasive and gentle for a man of his size, it seems almost affectionate. I must have rendered him some service of which there is no trace in the dream, for he is thanking me and trying, almost tenderly, to make me accept a penny in recompense. I joke, as one would joke with a friend, at the idea that my services should be paid for, but he insists, also as a friend. I still refuse, always without looking at him, and he slips the penny into the large pocket of my apron. As I still do not move, the circular movement of his right arm in reaching the pocket on my left side gives me an agreeable sensation, almost as a caress would.

Then the dream is again suspended, and suddenly I am once more in the room, still without knowing how I came to be there, and I look at the book-shelf, the man always behind me, always dominating me, and always at my right. We talk, still not looking at one another. I remark that the books are evenly arranged, that there are many of them, and that the shelf seems too long as it runs the whole length of the wall. In the middle of the shelf, placed on the others, are two or three of smaller shape, bound in red leather, like prayer-books. I take up one which I look at and like touching; I read a title: "Epiphany."

Suddenly I am in front of a window on the narrow side of the room, and on the left. As ever, I do not know how I came there, but the man is also there, always at my right, always dominating me. I am very conscious of his presence, and it seems to me that I am speaking to him of the book, though expecting a movement on his part. One would almost say that I am on the defensive; yet I turn over the pages of "Epiphany" and preserve an appearance of great calm. I do not ask myself what the title of the book means, and what relation it has to the text. Opening the book I see verses there, but do not recall reading them. I remark to my companion that "Epiphany" is one of my favorite books. He replies in a caressing voice: "Why did you never tell me so? I would have loved to have it." I feel troubled at these words and turn the leaves of "Epiphany." I remark some engravings but only recall one, of the Virgin enclosed in a circle. All at once the man's voice changes and seems almost warm. He demands brusquely: "If I asked you, would you consent to give me a kiss?" At first I do not move, I make no reply, I hesitate; then slowly I turn my head and raise it to look at him, while he bends down. We gaze at each other for a long time. I seem to be reflecting; his face looks beautiful, no longer heavy as at the outset, though at the same time I am conscious that he is a man of the people. (Then it seems to me that I begin to awake. Am I in a half-sleep, or am I not? I do not know.) After reflecting, and still looking at him, I say gravely: "I allow you to give me a kiss to show you that I regard you as a 'gentleman,' but only on condition that you will never ask for another." I feel a passionate kiss on the lips, but I do not remember feeling his arms round me. I suddenly see a bed at the other

end of the room, and I ask myself if he will be content with that burning kiss, if he will be a "gentleman" or if he will take me up passionately and place me on the bed. I tremble with hope that he will be strong and ardent, and at the same time I feel ashamed.

Thereupon I awake. After a moment of languor I think of my dream, recall its details, and reflect that it is a pity it was interrupted. I am too hot and throw off the eiderdown. I notice that the lips of the vulva are moist and tremulous with little spasms. That continues and I think of my husband and desire his presence. I take notes of the dream, thinking there may still be time to go to sleep again and perhaps continue the dream. It is seven o'clock. I want to make water, and do so, but retiring to bed, I am unable to go to sleep again.

It is to be noted that during the day I had bought some biscuits to be shared with three colleagues, and there was an odd penny due to me which I had refused to take, as in the dream. Before going to bed I had been reading an article on the Russian Revolution, and recalled a letter of my husband's in which he mentioned that under Bolshevism some of the people, a cook for instance, had suddenly become generals. That had reminded me how the same thing had happened in the French Revolution, and I reflected how often in a great crisis the people can supply men of strong, ardent, virile type. It is an idea that is dear to me. I like men of the people, and certain types of workmen of strong physique and possibilities of intelligence and vigor always appeal to me. The man in the dream was quite unknown to me.

The dream was written down in French, but the conversation in it was carried on in English.

DREAM II. *Night of 29th of March. I go to bed after a supper more copious than usual, with half-a-glass of sherry. Previously, I had taken a bath which gave me an appetite; hence the larger and later supper. Coming out of the bath I could not find my warm dressing gown which had gone to the laundry, and I had my supper, insufficiently covered, near a fire that was almost out. So by the time the meal was over I felt so cold that I went to bed at once with a hot bottle and piled on more bed coverings than usual.*

When the dream begins I hear someone playing the piano. I try to find out where the sound comes from and decide that it is from the room immediately below. I say to J. (my servant): "They are beginning the noise again; we must stop them." We agree to knock on the floor. I do so, I think at first with my fist, then with the handle of a hair-brush, but the sound continues. I call for an iron and send J. for it. While she is away the music changes. It is now a violin. It is beautiful, very beautiful; I no longer know whether to continue knocking on the floor. Suddenly R. (my eldest boy) rises, runs towards me, and makes some

remark I cannot recall about the noise. Till then I had seen nothing around me; now I see the bed R. has just left. I resolve to knock anew on the floor, for I am annoyed that the noise should have awakened R. I knock and R. knocks. (There is no longer any J.) And all at once the floor opens in a corner of the room, as if one or two boards were removed, leaving a hole through which a man might pass. I do not see the floor open, nor know how it was done; I suddenly see the hole, with the loose ends of the boards, and I am at the edge, gazing down into the room below, where I see a tall, well-built man, though rather slender, with a long face with a rather mischievous air, and long hair, turned towards me in an impertinent way. This is the man playing the violin. He stares at me. Our eyes meet, and his question mine in a bold and arrogant way. I pretend not to understand the invitation thus conveyed, and my eyes seek to give no reply. But I am ill at ease, and I suddenly perceive that I am in a nightdress, and one that does not very well suit me; I make the reflection, however, that white always goes well with me. To escape from my embarrassment I begin to talk to the man. My voice is gentle and a trifle malicious. I say to him: "You can play as much as you like during the day, and then it is very nice; but you should not wake the children." He replies ironically, with a princely air, that he is entirely at my disposition. I continue to feel embarrassed, and I carefully replace the boards to cover the hole.

Suddenly, without transition, I am in a bedroom, whether the same room I do not know, but I suddenly see all the details. The room is square. On one wall is a fireplace. On the opposite side are two beds, side by side, square with the wall, one larger than the other, and with a passage between them. At the foot of these beds is a third smaller bed; it is that of R. but he is not there. He is with my favorite brother (now dead) in one of the other beds. I am in the largest bed, and the man is seated before the fireplace in which burns a fire. He is seated on an ordinary chair, with his back turned to us, gazing into the fire, the left leg over the right knee, and the hands clasping the left knee. I cannot see his face but I know that he has a mischievous air, although his bearing is calm. I know that he is studying me. I cannot tell how we have all come there, but the presence of that man studying me is embarrassing and I see that it also displeases my brother. I hope that the man will mistake my brother for my husband and go, but have little expectation that he will. Suddenly my brother sends R. to his own bed and rises. I see that he is angry. He goes towards a corner of the room by the fireplace. Then the ceiling seems suddenly to open, revealing a spiral staircase, and my brother goes up, seeming to disappear by a trap-door, as in a barn. I hear a sound like that of a latch in a barn of my early home. I know that my brother has gone because he dislikes the man's presence. I am now full of apprehension and wonder what will happen. I should like to

be angry, I ought to send that man away, but I am tired and singularly indifferent. I decide to let him believe that I have not noticed his presence. I turn towards the wall and pretend to go to sleep. I seem to be half asleep. Suddenly the man furtively glides between the beds. I have not heard him come, but I feel a warm kiss on the back of my neck. I turn round, pretending to be indignant and demand an explanation of his conduct. There is no harm in that, he assures me, and he talks of my loneliness, and begs me to have pity on a man who is so hungry for love. He puts on an unhappy air, but there is always a mischievous expression about the corner of his lips and I feel that everything he says is false. I ask him what he means by solitude. He confesses that really he is not alone, but that someone who lives with him will soon go away, and he will then be alone, so it comes to the same thing, and in any case he deserves my pity. He says this in a blustering and arrogant way as though the little confession were of no significance. I reprove him and try to show myself really angry at such lying. I tell him I hope he will some day know what real solitude is, such as I have known for years and years, during which I have often had to go to the pawn shop to get money for bread. He listens, still retaining his mischievous air, seeming to wait till we have finished talking in order to reach what we both of us tacitly know must soon happen between us. My thoughts recur to the kiss, and resolving no longer to beat around the bush, I brusquely ask him: "And what more do you want?" He assures me that he wants nothing more. But his smile belies his words and what he says sounds false. I try to be indignant, but I am soft and languorous, and, at last, resigned. He suddenly covers with greedy and passionate kisses my uncovered legs and buttocks and back. My softness and lack of resistance seem strange to me when I know that I ought to resist, and I am full of shame. He could in reality have me altogether. I turn my back towards him, with the attitude of a cat whose belly one is caressing, except that I hide my head in the pillow so that he shall not see my beatitude. He leans over the bed and continues to embrace my back.

Suddenly he starts up like a drunken man, but always with that false air. He disgusts me and attracts me. His hand glides beneath the sheets near my feet. I am covered but I notice that I have on a night-dress that suits me. It is no longer the same one; this is open at the neck and trimmed with red braid, but I do not understand why I see it near my feet where the man's hand is. His hand is seeking my legs which he caresses, but he seems to stop suddenly in the middle of this caress, and reaches his hand towards me with the air of saying: "Let us be friends, I will keep my promise, and ask no more." I press his hand, but I know that it is false, that he will return and have me altogether, and I feel nothing but languor.

There the dream ends. I awake. The awakening is sudden and I

am terribly hot, but do not at first seem to be experiencing any sexual emotion. What I feel is more like a kind of colic, but quickly disappearing. Was it really colic? Perhaps, and it is followed by a kind of heaviness as when the bladder is too full. This sensation is agreeable, and though I reflect that I ought to get up and urinate I decide not to do so. I try to go to sleep again, and in a sort of half sleep I make the reflection that such dreams should not always be attributed to the bladder. I cannot, however, go to sleep. So I get up and make water but am surprised to find how very little comes. I get back into bed and the sensation of heaviness seems slowly to disappear, but I suddenly realize that the lips of the vulva are moving and the clitoris seems to be jumping. It is not easy to calm myself; and that annoys and irritates me. I deliberately excite myself. Then I rise to make a few notes. I return to bed in a calmer state and go to sleep again, and dream vaguely of other things.

I am told that the night was windy, though I do not remember having heard the wind. But I should say that we have a lady in the house who learns singing, and every day she devotes herself to vocal exercises that are more or less agreeable. She has a way of beginning just when the children have gone to bed and so awakens them. Last night when she began as usual, I remember saying to J: "This is getting troublesome; I must ask her to choose some other hour." She lives above, not below me. The man was completely unknown. The dream was in English.

DREAM III. *Night of 3rd April: I am at the top of what seems to be a square tower. The roof is flat and surrounded by an iron balustrade, and I am seated before what is like a bureau table. In front of me is one of my brothers, A. (an author) seated before another table like mine. We are working. A harsh artificial light falls on us, recalling the electric reflectors which follow actors on the stage. I take no note of whence the light comes, nor what produces it, but accept it as natural. Everything outside this shaft of light is in a dim penumbra. At the foot of the tower, and included in the light, which spreads fanwise, a woman is seated at a table covered by a green cloth. She is beautiful, well proportioned, with a tendency to a certain plumpness which exactly suits her, and gives her the air of a velvety and nonchalant Angora cat. Her features are regular and beautiful; her skin is warm and matt, with a kind of ivory texture besides her black and lustrous hair and her heavy black velvet gown. Her hair is arranged like a halo round her head. The contrast between the green tablecloth and the warmth of this woman and her dress is highly agreeable. At the lady's feet (for she is a great lady) is a carpet of green moss of incomparable softness, and the black velvet dress falls harmoniously over the moss and heightens its tones. It is a picture of the most agreeable artistic arrangement. The lady's movements are all gracious, and measured with a careful art of which*

she seems quite conscious. I only note one gesture, that of opening a drawer, but her grace in this act fills me with admiration. My brother from the top of the tower admires the lady with the air of a connoisseur. In real life he is a great connoisseur of beautiful women, especially when they are rather fat. I also gaze at the lady with much pleasure.

Then the dream seems suspended, and I suddenly see myself descending an extremely slippery slope which reaches from the top of the tower to the spot where the lady is seated like a flower. I seek to catch something rolling before me. Is it a ball? I believe so, but it is vague. I seem to slide and suddenly I see what seems a row of little cells beside the slippery descent; they become like theater boxes, in each of which, I know, is a woman. The entrance to each box is closed by a cretonne curtain of bright colors, green and red. On climbing the slope again, with difficulty, for it is like a polished floor, I remark to myself that I should not like to have to do this every day, like these ladies. I wonder how they contrive to do it without falling. Have I caught the rolling object? It seems so. I do not see myself again reaching the top of the tower. Everything suddenly changes.

I am I know not where: I only see a wall, and do not note its color. A dear man friend (F.) is with me, young, tall, strong, quiet. I do not see him but I feel him. I love him. There is no desire for kisses or caresses or physical union, but I am hurt because he is distant and indifferent. I say to myself (in English): "I love him because he is the first man who ever made me feel so small. I have been small in front of the sea——." There the quotation stops. I use the word "quotation" for this was the echo of my thoughts before going to bed. Having said this, however, I resolve to be great. I get together a few wooden cases of the Tate sugar-box kind, and place them one above another against a wall with the idea of climbing to the top of them in order to be great. There are three of them and I feel that I shall never be able to climb to the top without falling. They seem too near the wall, which renders the balance uncertain since the smallest is beneath, and it is the bottom of each box that is against the wall. I feel that in climbing I shall bring them all down. But I am resolved to risk everything to be great. I do not see myself climbing; nor do I see my friend anywhere near, but I am conscious that he is somewhere about.

Suddenly I realize that I must have succeeded, but that I have hurt myself. I am very glad of it. My friend is worried about me, and that maliciously delights me. I must have passed on the other side of the wall, but though invisible I am able to see him and enjoy teasing him when I hear him ask: "How is she?" It is delightful to me that his anxiety shows he loves me.

I awake slowly and peacefully and happily. There is nothing to indicate the slightest sexual excitement. It is time to get up.

DREAM IV. *Night of 17th April, the day after beginning of monthly period. A rather large supper an hour before going to bed.*

I am in a room of which I see no details except a fire flaming in the hearth. My great aunt is seated before the fire. I cannot recognize her but I know it is she. She hides the fire from me, but I guess it to be there. I am seated on a wooden bench against the wall like those in railway stations. This seat (certainly English, like the fire) is made comfortable by a pile of cushions and is ensconced in an angle of the room. I am on the right side, buried in the cushions, and on the left, turned towards me and looking at me, is a man with stupid placid face and a foolish smile at the corner of his lips. He displeases and irritates me horribly. His hair is black, smooth and well combed, his skin is pink and delicate like a woman's, his face is round. He devours me with his eyes, smiling foolishly. I feel more and more irritated, and constrained. I begin to ask myself if I should go to my train.

Suddenly I find myself in a bedroom with my aunt and my sister, and am washing myself feverishly. I do not, however, observe any details of this operation. I tell my sister not to forget the bag. She opens a drawer and begins, with my aunt, to fill a portmanteau. I do not see it, but the room seems in disorder. I am feverish, the idea of the train pursues me. I shall lose it. I am constantly saying so to my sister and my aunt. The thought of the man still seems to be irritating me.

Then my servant awakens me. It is a quarter to seven and I have to leave the house to catch a train, of which I had been speaking the evening before. During the day I had had occasion to mention that grand aunt who died sixteen years ago. In the evening, on returning from work, I had met a Belgian, an idiotic sort of man who has been trying to court me and he had greeted me with a loud "Salut!" which got on my nerves. He resembles the man in the dream except that the dream man's hair was dark like that of a Hungarian who also, a little while ago, became annoying by following me about.

DREAM V. *Night of 18th April: I am in a large store like Selfridge's and in front of a shelf of toys when I suddenly hear the "grosse Berthe" roaring, and a shell whistles above my head, just as I used to hear it at Lille. There is a general cry of alarm. The shop girls rush for their hats and coats in order to descend, for we seem to be at the top of the building. As for me, I am looking for my children, I cannot find them anywhere. I am in great trouble. I wander about everywhere, asking everybody if they have seen two little boys.*

Suddenly the scene changes. I am waiting for an omnibus at the corner of Oxford Circus and have in my hand a book written by a friend, though its title is slightly transposed in my dream. Suddenly I see Olive Schreiner (with whom I am acquainted) also waiting for

the omnibus (which in real life she has often taken at this point). I am happy to meet her. I approach and say, "You are Olive Schreiner?" She replies, "Yes and you are Madame——" (I cannot recall the name; it was not mine, but I regarded that as of little importance.) I say: "I saw to-day six photographs of you!" "Where?" she asks. I reply that it was at my friend's, the author of the book, who in real life possesses many photographs of Olive Schreiner. Then I look for the book, but it has disappeared and I remember that I left it at a sort of tea garden where I had had tea. I tell this to Olive Schreiner and ask her to accompany me to the tea garden. I am happy at the opportunity to speak of my friend. We return; I see green tables, with gravel on the ground, and find my book on a chair. Olive Schreiner suddenly changes into a very young person; she does not hear me talking of my friend, and (oh horror!) begins to flirt with some young people. I do not know where they come from, and remember no more.

DREAM VI. Night of 19th April: Last day of monthly period. Light supper three-quarters of an hour before going to bed.

Here is all that I recall: I am in a house which I do not see but know to be like mine here. The room in which I find myself corresponds to my front room. I even know that the door on my left leads into a passage identical with mine. I am near a wall. Before me is a large table. The passage between the table and the wall is narrow. I am there and looking at a book.

There is a man in the room. I do not see him, but I know that he has black hair and is well built. I know also that he is a lodger upstairs. Suddenly he is near me on the right, though I had not seen him move. With a quick movement he raises my clothes behind and passes his arm firmly round my waist. I am extremely indignant, and surprised at the audacity of the action and its suddenness. All at once I see a woman before us on the other side of the table. As ever, I do not know where she comes from, but her presence seems quite natural. She is the wife of the man who has his arm round me. She shows no sign of jealousy or indignation towards me, but she seems to disapprove the man's conduct, and her face shows this clearly, while her husband maintains an arrogant air.

The scene changes. I am in a large vestibule or hall, as of an hotel or theater. At the far end is a staircase that seems to shine (I do not know what it is made of). On the left, looking towards the further end, the staircase turns and some steps are visible. It is brilliantly lighted. There is a crowd though I can distinguish no-one. The staircase is encumbered with people, and I see the man of the first scene seated on the lowest step and apparently engaged in repairing it. I am in the midst

of the crowd, and I feel agitated and feverish. The man's presence irritates me, though at the same time it pleases me. I feel awkward. I have to go up the staircase to dress for a ball. I know that he is on the first step to await me, and that in going up the crowded staircase I shall brush against him and reveal my agitation. I go up. My feet are caught in the long skirt of sea-blue taffeta I am wearing. I have to stop a minute to disengage them. I bend my head to the right, the side on which the man is, the better to see the bottom of my skirt. I appear tall and slender in the long skirt. I betray my emotion. I am sure that I never said, "I love you!" but I must have said it, for he repeats: "I also love you."

Change of scene: I am in a bedroom. I see no details. I am hot, suffocating, a wave of heat rises to my face. A friend is near me, a young girl I lost sight of at least fifteen years ago and who now appears as a young woman, though I have never really seen her so. I talk to her feverishly of the man and the worry he is causing me. At the same time, I tell her I am too hot, that before putting on my ball dress I absolutely must take off the vest underneath. I see myself with the skirt of a ball dress in my hand; it is one I had some seven years ago, but I have detached it in my dream and had it washed and cleaned. I am very busy but I know I shall find the bodice and the girdle in the room and I hope to succeed in fastening them together. I feel that I am late, everyone is dressed, but I beg my companions not to leave me, I must take off my vest, I am so hot. The thought of the man still further heats me. We talk of him. He makes love to everyone, my companion says. It seems I have had to undress, for I see my companion, patient and submissive as I formerly knew her, holding out my open drawers for me to put my legs through. The drawers are short, with broad legs and trimmed with lace. I continue feverish, agitated, begging my friend not to leave me. She remains patient and placid. Two other women enter the room. One I cannot see at all; the other is another old acquaintance of the same period as the girl who holds the drawers and equally lost sight of long ago. She is dressed in sea-blue silk with a high neck, which surprises me in a ball dress. I note in her the same hypocritically austere and prudish air as when I knew her in former years. She tells us it is time to be ready. I beg them all to wait for me. I am dreading the man.

I awake. I am agitated. My legs and my buttocks are tightly pressed together. The clitoris seems erect; the vagina is in spasmodic movement. I have a horrible desire to put my hand to the sexual parts. It is difficult to grow calm. But it is time to get up and I rise. I urinate copiously, for I have not done so during the night. I recall no details during the previous day to arouse the idea of the man or the ball.

DREAM VII. *Night of the 19th (or possibly a day or two earlier as there was a little confusion in noting this dream):*

A political dream about the Bolsheviks. I have an animated discourse with an acquaintance of advanced political views. He accuses my husband, who seems all the time near, of not being a Bolshevik, and I defend my husband and argue against Bolshevism.

DREAM VIII. *Night of 24th April:*

I dream that I shall lose the train but can recall no details.

DREAM IX. *Night of the 25th April:*

I dream that I have confused Saturday with Friday, and that instead of going to the school where I have an engagement, I have stayed at home. At mid-day I realize my mistake, and my mother urges me to dress and leave quickly, telling me that I shall reach the school towards two o'clock. I dress feverishly, asking myself who has taken my lesson and what the principal will think of me.

The scene changes. I am giving a dictation to pupils; they are noisy and disagreeable. I cannot quiet them and am worn out. I am beating one and tell her I shall report her to the principal. (All this has not the least resemblance to the reality of my daily life as a teacher.) Then I am with another class which is very well behaved. I make them a little speech in which I tell them that they are behaving as English children always behave when one trusts to their honor, etc. I recall no more.

DREAM X. *Night of 26th April. A week after the monthly period. Bath at nine o'clock, light supper at nine-thirty, to bed at ten-thirty:*

I am in a wood. It is the forest of Fontainebleau. It is dark and I cannot distinctly see any details, but we must have spent the day there, I and my family. My mother suddenly gives the signal to leave and I perceive that my little brother O. (who seems strangely like my elder child) is not dressed. Then I am squatting down in front of him buttoning his jacket. I must be in a bedroom, for there is a bed beside me. I can, however, see nothing clearly. I hear my brother's wife telling me we must make haste. I see her with someone else I do not recognize, at the end of a green avenue, descending a rather steep path. But I seem to see her without having risen from my position, and I seem to have a double vision, both in front and behind. My mother's voice worries me for I am already trying to make haste. At the same moment I see a man approaching by a large green avenue of which I catch a glimpse from the room in which I am. This avenue is on flat ground and dark, leading to an inn where we had something to pay for refreshments we had taken there. I do not see the inn, but the man approaches with the jovial air of a village inn keeper, and is coming to see if he can help me. He comes close and watches me dressing the child. I do not see him

very clearly, but he looks tall and slender, a handsome man, with dark complexion and dark hair. Suddenly he squats down beside me and puts his arm round my waist. I allow him to, it pleases me.

The scene then changes completely. I am in a bedroom and have on a long night dress. I know that the man is coming. My door is shut and locked, but he is clever, and has a key that will open all the doors. One would say I can see through the walls for I distinctly see him in the corridor outside my door. He is in a night shirt and approaches my door smiling; I await him, evidently with pleasure. Suddenly a head appears at another door opening on to the corridor. It is a woman's head, a sister's or a friend's, I am not sure, but someone near to me. I divine that she wishes to get in front of the man and enter my room, and that annoys me, though I do not want to hurt her feelings. I seem to be watching the man through the door. He enters. I rush to the key and turn it. The man seats himself on a sort of old oak chest, his right leg crossed over the left. I am stretched out on the bed, and the woman who had been seeking to enter comes and places herself on me. Suddenly she is transformed into the man. I am on my back and he is on me, but this position is reversed and he is on his back and I on him. The position is really strange and I cannot explain it. He is under me but I no longer see him, I only see an immense penis standing up stiff and large as a policeman's baton. Its enormous size is striking and it arises between my legs and therein is the mystery. I must be lying with my stomach on the man, and yet I see the penis as though it came between my legs from behind, and I see it without turning, as it agreeably caresses me from behind. I take it in my hands and remark that it is hard. I ask myself whether I shall place it in the vagina. Then I lose all idea of the mutual position of the man and myself. We are engaged in coitus, and I am appeased. I dream that I am; I dream that it is not a dream because I can see all the pictures on the wall. They are not at all the pictures really on my wall, but I am sure that I am not dreaming, and I dream that, feeling happy, I go to sleep again peacefully, and there seems really to have been a dreamless interval before my elder boy came to wake me. It is late. I feel extremely calm. Half an hour later I urinate as usual in the morning.

I should add that in the evening, before going to bed, and without any definite reason, I had felt myself much sexually irritated, which had worried me. The bath failed to calm me, but when in bed I would not have recourse to masturbation. I succeeded in growing more or less calm and fell asleep.

DREAM XI. *Night of the 27th April. A light supper an hour before going to bed:*

My younger child seems to be on my knees. He is quite naked, and

a doctor, whom I cannot see, is examining him with an instrument resembling pincers of which each blade terminates in a narrow sharp point. With this instrument he pricks the child above the testicles, which seems to please the little one. Then he pricks each testicle, and the child, though he jumps a little, does not seem to find this disagreeable. Suddenly the doctor buries the instrument in the anus which seems to open like a mouth, and withdraws it, bringing out what seems like a ribbon, soft and grey. I ask if this is the bowel and he replies that it is a fragment of brain coming from the head to which it is attached by a button. He has had to pull very hard to extract it, but he assures me the child will be better for the operation; and that I shall see him change beneath my eyes. I then ask if I shall dress the child and he agrees.

The scene changes. I am seated on a sort of dray loaded with goods. It is flat and I am accompanied by a number of people among whom I recognize one of my brothers, O., and a former friend, P. Near us is a young woman I know. We are both dressing ourselves. I am conscious that we had undressed and that my companion had undergone an operation. She is still weak and I help to put on her stockings. She has two pairs, one black and another yellow open-worked. I do not know which pair to put on first. I begin with the yellow pair, then I take them off and put on the black and over them the yellow, through which I can still see the black. In the midst of this we are disturbed. Our wagon is on a tramway line and its progress is blocked. Then it suddenly moves and my companion and I are thrown back with our legs in the air, nearly making a somersault. Almost at once we are again stopped by another tramway line. Then, I find my brother near me; he is seated in front and the dray is transformed into a steam car. O. informs me that the best plan, to avoid blocking the road, will be for him to turn the machine off elsewhere. We set out, though I cannot perceive the movement, and at last reach a large public place, grey, dark, dirty, and cold. I no longer see the steam engine. I cannot tell where I am, but I see little boys and girls, making water, here and there, so that there are pools everywhere. They are all standing and have the air of carrying out an exercise, for they exchange opinions regarding the operation. One of them, a little boy, takes a vessel such as I have seen used by men in hospitals, and places it to his penis, which I cannot see. He vanishes, to give place to a little girl who repeats the performance with a chamber, which I clearly see through the skirts which seem as transparent as glass.

Suddenly I become aware that P., looking as he was at eighteen or nineteen, is gravely walking up and down the square, with a companion I cannot see, to whom he is talking of the naturalness of the act of urination. He has the grave and placid air that I have always seen in

him. He adds that, before going to the front, his mother had said to him: "If ever you require to satisfy your little needs, do so." At this point my servant awakens me. [There is neglect to mention the condition of the bladder on awaking.]

In the evening, I had occasion to examine my elder child's testicles. I have never before had a dream of this kind. P. and O. are two of the beings for whom I have most affection and they are often in my thoughts, consciously or unconsciously.

DREAM XII. Night of 1st May. A large supper two hours before going to bed, and just before going to bed I drink much water:

I am amidst sandy hills on which the sunshine is playing. It is very beautiful; I clearly see the golden and red tones. There is someone with me: yet I do not know who, and I see no one. It is an invisible presence, but very agreeable, and I vaguely believe that it is my friend F. We walk together and I know that we ought to be trying to reach the river. Suddenly I see the river, far off, as if between an opening in the hills. It gleams like silver beneath the sun. It is a beautiful sight. My companion and I are very happy. We hold each other's hands, so far as that is possible with a being who is felt but not seen. We are full of gladness and walk rapidly, lightly, like children, over hills and valleys, now and then catching sight of the river, and then losing it from view.

Change of scene. I am in a convent garden, and it suddenly becomes a cemetery. My companion is always there invisible, but speaking in a strange language which must be that of souls, for we understand each other perfectly without saying anything. Then I see a nun walking in the cemetery. The graves are green, the general atmosphere is calm and peaceful, but the nun looks tormented. All at once I understand the cause of her anxiety for water is everywhere appearing between the graves. It increases every moment; the cemetery will soon be submerged. I read the anguish of the nun in the sinister aspect of this field of peace. Suddenly she approaches me and says how idiotic it was for the monks to try to stop the course of the river. "One cannot stop a river; they have only succeeded for a time, and now it is rising over its banks." I try to find out how the monks stopped the river. It is not clear; for a long time I cannot make out. Then I seem to see a sort of dam made of moss and rising about a meter above the cemetery. The river is level with the dam, spreading in a sheet of silver, and the water drips between the moss. This vision is rapid. The nun begs me to write to the Father Superior of the monks to explain the anxiety of the nuns. I suddenly see conveniently a bureau, which does not seem out of place in a cemetery, and the nun opens it and produces a tiny square of rough grey paper on which I write my letter. I do not know what I write.

Change of scene. I am walking on a hillside, along a horizontal path

parallel with the valley. Other people are with me but I cannot see them. We walk for some time, with difficulty, for on the right side we are afraid of slipping down the slope. Suddenly, behind us, an immense jet of water arises and a few drops splash us. We turn round and see as if a hose pipe had cracked; but the jet is a thousand times more powerful, gigantically enormous and of extraordinary force. It is a marvellous sight, so beautiful that though it seems to me as if the river had burst at last, I cannot help feeling happy. Suddenly another jet rises nearer, and we run away laughing. Yet more jets, and always coming nearer, and we are constantly obliged to run away; but I never seem to see more than one at a time; as soon as one appears the other vanishes. The hill seems immense, the footpath is lost in the distance. There is something human and mischievous in the jets, one would say that in their grandiosely immense way they are playing with us. Suddenly going down the hill I see a long green palisade stretching along beside the path. Before the jets of water we retreat by the side of this palisade. At the end we pass through a gate and I meet a friend (Miss G.) with her sister whom I have never seen but corresponded with. I recognize Miss G. and her sister resembles her. We talk but I remember nothing, if indeed there was anything said.

Change of scene. We are in a garden. Many people are there, and I am with a group round a rustic table of the mushroom type. The dream is vague. We are to eat sausages and mashed potatoes. A young girl, whom I do not know, is to distribute the sausages, two each, but she manages badly and they do not go round. I take the dish and go to find Marie (cook at a Lycée where I was a pupil nearly twenty years ago and have never seen except on my return to the Lycée as a Military Hospital). So I go to ask Marie for more sausages and she replies, in the same surly tone as when I used to ask her for things for the wounded, that I am very late. But, still in accordance with her ways in real life, she serves me abundantly and I return in triumph to my mushroom table, announcing that I have three sausages each for everyone. No one, however, is hungry. Then I awake and have such a strong desire to urinate (not having done so, as usual, during the night) that I have to jump out of bed immediately and make water copiously.

In the evening, I had spoken of Rasputin and of the Neva into which the murderers had thrown his body.

DREAM XIII. Night of 3rd May. Large supper an hour and a half before going to bed:

I see a class with several desks and I ask someone whom I do not see why those of the M.P.s have not been placed in the front row. I see the desks move. Someone is pushing them and placing little tables in the front row for the Members of Parliament.

DREAM XIV. *Night of 4th May. A large supper at the house of my friend F., some three hours before going to bed:*

I am in a road. I see mounted police passing before me. I see soldiers. They pass without ceasing. They are going to a May Day Demonstration and I know there will be a terrible uproar.

The scene changes. I am with my brother E. in the street and he is pushing a child's perambulator. A policeman (for it is in England) jostles him and says something I cannot understand but which I know is not polite. I turn to the policeman and ask why he speaks so to my brother; he replies it is because my brother is so short and he hates these little foreigners. I reply that my brother has been to the front, that he was wounded and has won the Military Cross. He replies that the French are dirty beasts (or some such abusive term) and I continue to dispute with him. The discussion becomes heated until I turn away, shrugging my shoulders. I go down a road with my brother and J. (my servant), still much agitated. Suddenly I turn to J. and exclaim: "Where are the children?" In the excitement we had forgotten them (though I do not remember seeing them at the beginning of the dream). E. dashes away to find them, running up a street; I follow him, while J. is behind. We search everywhere. I awake.

DREAM XV. *Night of 10th May. First day of monthly period. I can only recall that there were bombs in the dream and that it seemed not at all interesting.*

DREAM XVI. *Night of 11th May. A light supper two hours and a half before going to bed:*

I am with my mother in a garden but see no details. I do not see my mother but she talks to me, telling me what I ought to do with the beet-roots. She wishes me to go and look for them in the garden and to carry them to the cellar in order to blanch them. So I go with a spade to dig up the beetroots. As I turn up the soil I see them, red and earthy. I go down the steps of a cellar, they are beautiful steps in mosaic. At the bottom I suddenly see a man lying on his back on an inclined board fixed to the wall. He looks very uncomfortable. His legs are too long for the board, he is obliged to keep them bent at the knees. He is tall and extremely thin and has a fine white beard and white hair, his eyes are deep, his face expresses suffering. I am horrified. I realize that this unfortunate creature is, as it were, a beetroot put down here to be blanched. I am furious at the cruelty and the tyranny of the act. My indignation is directed against the invisible and ferocious being who has willed these things to be. That being seems to me to have the body of a man, though he sometimes vaguely appears to be a woman. Taken altogether, he is a man, and my indignation against this tyrant is boundless,

for I know that he inflicts the same torture on other men. I persuade the unfortunate man to flee.

Change of scene. The man has escaped. I meet him. He looks ten years younger. His face is rounded. He is physically powerful, but his fine head, ironical and intelligent, reveals also his mental power. He looks like a conqueror. Audacity is on his face. He is beautiful. A woman is with him. They seem to love each other. I certainly love this unknown man, for I am so pleased at his escape. I feel intensely happy at seeing him.

The scene changes. The white haired man is in the house of the tyrant (a woman, it seems to me at this moment) and with his new audacity he laughs at danger. He is taking a bath. I cannot see details, but the woman, his companion, is with him, helping him in his bath, though she shows fear at his presence in the old house of suffering. I am myself terrified. Suddenly the tyrant appears, a man now, in a state of jubilation. He has grabbed his victim once more.

New change. The old man lies on his inclined plank, his legs twisted up beneath him. He is haggard and piteous, his eyes are hollow and burn like flames. My grief is intense. At this point my child moves and I waken. It is eight in the morning. I have a strong desire to urinate.

I remember nothing in the day which could lead on to such a dream except the bath which I had thought of in the evening. The white haired man was strongly like my friend F. whose photograph (but with dark hair) I had been looking at before going to bed.

DREAM XVII. *Night of 12th May. Last day of period. Light supper just before going to bed:*

I see women going up a staircase. They are two friends of mine. They are dressed in red as I have often seen them. They are sisters. I am surprised at the color of their dresses for they have just lost a brother in the war (this is true). They are gay and lively, which, under the circumstances, also surprises me. There are other young girls, ascending the staircase and talking in an animated way. They are my guests for a few days. They go to their rooms. The house is large; it resembles one I once had, but I see no details, except the attic, and that is vague.

I no longer know where I am. A lift is descending. I see that it is connected with the kitchen service underground. A dog, large as a lion, splendid and fierce, dashes into the room where I am, and disappears in the descending lift. A wild boy, who must be the kitchen boy, follows him. He is shaken with laughter. He goes to the edge of the yawning hole of the lift and calls out: "What a fine row there must be down there!" I awake.

I had been thinking of my friends in the evening, but I cannot explain the dog or the lift or the kitchen boy.

DREAM XVIII. *Night of the 14th May. Supper a long time before going to bed:*

It is vague, I no longer recall the beginning. This is what I remember. I see myself going down the staircase of a public lavatory. A man is at the top of the steps, leaning on the railing which surrounds the entrance. The man looks at me as I go down and makes a gesture which I cannot see but, in my dream, I know to be indecent. I turn round indignantly. What followed I cannot recall.

After that, I am in the street. I see a large theater poster, blue on a white background. The word "Monica" is on it. I decide to see the piece. I reflect that it must be called "Monica's Blue Boy," though I only see the one word in blue. I approach a large hall and ask for a seat at eight pence. I recall no more.

I cannot explain the dream.

DREAM XIX. *Night of 15th May. Supper an hour before going to bed:*

I see beds—three, I think—in a large room; my brother A. suddenly appears in one of them. My father is also there. We discuss whether there are enough beds for everyone. My brother O., also there, declares that two must sleep in a bed and that someone can sleep on the brown oak settee which I suddenly see in the room. I tried whether it would be comfortable for two to sleep in one bed. It would not be comfortable. It would not work.

Suddenly, through a window, I see a passing procession, with flags and white banners in the air. I am with a young girl whom I do not see, but she is a friend. We go out and join the procession. I know that it is for a wedding (though it resembles the Catholic procession of the 15th August) and I remark to my friend that I am not dressed for going to a wedding. I show her my dirty apron; it is in fact very dirty, and of the carpenter's kind. She shows me hers, equally dirty, and we decide not to enter the church. When the procession arrives near the church, which I do not see, my friend and I escape, and I see us climbing a hill, laughing gaily like school children playing truant. Then we go down on another side, meeting a herd of cows which block the way. I awake.

I had been thinking in the evening of a rearrangement of the beds when my husband returns (as I had sold our old double bed), of the new beds needed, and of the discomfort of two in a bed. During the day I had seen young people with carpenter's aprons going to the carpentry school; also I had met cows in the road. The procession I cannot explain.

DREAM XX. *Night of 16th May:*

I see myself trying to buckle a portmanteau which is too full. I cannot succeed. Then I have to make haste to go and eat my pudding.

DREAM XXI. *Night of 20th May. Light supper an hour before going to bed:*

A girl, whom I cannot see but know to be very young, tells me that a dear friend (F.) is dead. I am deeply moved but the young girl is even more so. I know (and there is no need for her to tell me) that she loved him, and that he loved her. I feel full of pity and affection for her. She leads me, and I see him stretched on a bed. I see his fine head, at least the dream tells me that I see it, though I do not actually recall seeing it. I only see a long body extended on a bed in a small room.

The scene changes. An elderly woman (it is perhaps my mother, there is a vague idea in my dream that it is) seems occupied with the idea of my friend's death. Suddenly she rushes towards me in indignation. I do not know where I am, but I see her before me, and angry, for he is not dead. She must be telling me what she has seen, though I hear nothing in the dream. One might say that I see what she tells, and that it is this vision which makes me smile maliciously. I see (is it her narrative appearing to me in image?) what in the dream is a railway station, though there are no precise details. My friend is walking about, dressed in a navy blue costume I have never seen him in, and he meets the elderly lady who looks at him indignantly. He, for his part, is calm, with a slight mischievous smile on his lips.

Change of scene. I am stretched on the bed with my friend. It is in the same small room as before. From the bed one sees a large room through the open door. I know that he was only pretending to be dead, playing a trick, and now everyone knows it was a trick. He has the air of not caring a damn. He is stretched out beside me, his cheek against my cheek. I embrace him softly and ask playfully what he will say when the old lady asks him why he comes to see me when he is dead. He replies proudly, with an air of contempt for people who will believe anything: "I will tell her that it is my ghost." Then I embrace him laughingly, without paying any attention to the servant girls who are looking at us angrily, through a window of opaque glass. The room seems to be behind the kitchen, and the girls are looking through a corner where the glass is transparent. On the other side, is the large room visible through the open door. I see women seated on a bench facing the door and also gazing at us angrily. Then I awake and find it morning.

I had gone to sleep thinking of my friend whom I had been to see that day.

DREAM XXII. *Night of 21st May. After returning from a visit to Kew Gardens, a rather large supper and to bed soon afterwards:*

I am doing my hair in a hurry for I fear I shall be late for my work. I go out for breakfast. I meet two enormous elephants with trappings of red and yellow. These elephants bar my way. With trunks in the air they look threatening. I know that there must also be others. They belong to a firm of furniture removers (I think that in my dream I could detect the name of Whiteley) and I seem to know that there is behind them a stable and straw. I feel very small in front of these monsters. What shall I do? I am pursued by the thought of the lessons I have to give.

Change of scene. Someone, I know not who, is asking me if I know the little restaurant where one can have so large a meal at so low a price. I turn the corner of a street and see the restaurant, a corner house. I enter. It is a plain square room with a few tables. I awake and find it morning.

The hair dressing and lessons are easily explainable from frequent experience; the elephants are inexplicable.* I had been speaking to my servant about going to a restaurant, and I had just been reading in bed, before going to sleep, a scene in a novel about a house removal which had made me laugh.

DREAM XXIII. *Night of 24th May. Late supper and to bed immediately after:*

I am cutting out a green dress and get into difficulties over it. The square neck, in particular, I cut wrong. I take much time over it, for the material has been too much exposed to the sun and has lost color in places. It is now light brown but the upper part is still green, and that worries me. I decide that I must leave the stuff in the sun so that it will become brown all over, and think that will be pretty.

*Suddenly I see the name of E. D. Morel. I am defending him against someone whom I do not see. Then I see the name of Montesquieu and the title *Lettres Provinciales*. (But I do not know what this interruption of the dream signifies.) I return to my dress. I perceive that its green material is embroidered and that I have awkwardly cut the embroidery. I carry it to a dressmaker (a woman I have not seen for ten years) whom I address by her real name, a tall, lean, awkward woman. She examines the dress, tells me she can put it right, and asks me if I will keep the fur (it appears to be called swan but was not white but reddish).*

The scene changes. I am holding open a door. Before me are boys with baskets full of pots like jam pots but they are ink bottles. The children are my pupils, making me a present of ink. I seem delighted.

* But they are probably to be explained by an unconscious analogy between Kew Gardens and the Zoölogical Gardens.

I carry the bottles (resembling earthenware jars) with great care, fearing to spill the ink, and place them on a shelf. I return towards the young folk and embrace one of them, saying that he is the friend of my childhood. (He vaguely seems to be my early friend P.) One of the others wishes me to embrace him too, and I do so with the distant air of a sister. I awake. It is morning.

I had spoken of Morel during the day, and had also been sewing. The appearance of pupils is also natural, though not the embraces. The strange salad of Montesquieu and Pascal is inexplicable.

DREAM XXIV: *Night of 25th May. Usual supper, half-an-hour before going to bed.*

I see the old house in which I lived some months ago. Really I only see the staircase. I am at the top, leaning on the banisters, and speaking to the coal merchant's son who, quite black, is going down with an empty sack under his arm. He is on the last step of the stairs and turned towards me. I tell him that if his father would like to take my flat I would let it to him. He asks how much I want and I reply that his father can pay what he is paying at his present place. That is seven and sixpence a week, he replies. That seems to me very little but I decide to accept.

Change of scene. I am knocking at a door. I know it is the coal merchant's house. I have a vague idea that I am going there to spend the evening. A youth opens the door, no doubt the son, and he tells me that to-day we are going downstairs. His tone gives me the impression that I have been there before and that we are intimate. I see vaguely, as if my memory were going back to previous visits, a room at the top of a dark staircase. Then I am in a room brightly lighted by two windows. I know that it is the dining room on the ground floor. On a table between the windows I see conspicuously, in a well-known hand, a letter addressed to me (my real name followed by an old family nick-name). There follow several lines, in the same writing, which now escape me. They made me smile. I am moved and delighted at the sight of the letter, but also astonished to find it there. But I realize that no one ought to see it and quickly slip it through my blouse into my bosom. Then I see the coal merchant. He is very clean and neat, with the air of a gentleman, and perfectly at ease. I have the impression that I had seen him walking down the stairs in a lordly way. He asks to come and see my flat. We go into the next room where I see a tall lady in laces, seated in a rose-colored chair. He presents me. Thereupon I awake.

I had thought about coal before going to bed and of telling the coal merchant not to send coal this week. I sometimes think of letting my flat, and that evening I had been invited to tea by people of the working class.

DREAM XXV: *Night of 27th May. A large supper an hour and a half before going to bed.*

I pass near a horse standing by the footpath. As I pass he suddenly turns his head and seems to want to seize me with his mouth. I know he is hungry. A man appears near me. He is the master of the horse which, he tells me, is hungry. We walk on talking; the horse disappears. The man is a pedlar and pushes a little hand cart. We walk on cheerfully, very good friends. We seem extremely happy, and must be saying very witty things for we are as light as birds. But we must be tramps for we are hungry. We are seeking—but this very vaguely—for rolls and sausages, but suddenly we see a car of roast chestnuts. It is a strange vehicle, looking like a fire engine as it passes along the road and in my dream I have the impression that it is a fire engine, noisy and shining, and like a great cask. The man and I run after it, but cannot catch it up. I awake.

I had been speaking the day before of the chestnut avenue at Hampton Court. The rest I cannot explain at all.

DREAM XXVI. *Night of 2nd June. A light supper half an hour before going to bed:*

I see an enormous bed with grey curtains, like the bed of my father and mother. On this bed, with its white and well-drawn quilt and its rose-colored eiderdown, I see human excrement. It is very abundant. I am indignant, furious. I know my brother A. is the culprit. How can he dare to behave like that at his age? I ask as I clean the horrible thing. I am afraid that a stain will remain on the eiderdown and I take a damp towel.

Suddenly a woman I cannot see comes and tells me that the culprit is not my brother, but a wounded soldier who is paralyzed and not responsible for his acts. One must not bear him ill will, and I forgive him as one would a child.

During the day my younger child had committed a similar misdeed but on the garden lawn. On awaking, at eight o'clock, I had a slight colic pain and was obliged to go to the w.c.

DREAM XXVII. *Night of 5th June:*

I see a small boy gathering myosotis. I see the bunch in his hand. A blue flower falls. I see it on the ground. The rest escapes me.

DREAM XXVIII. *Night of 7th June. Last day of monthly period. Light supper an hour before going to bed:*

I vaguely see water more or less everywhere. Then it becomes more definite and there are two immense basins surrounded by thick green hedges. They shine in the sun, and seem to extend to right and left, and especially to left in the far distance, so that they almost have the appearance of rivers. The higher one, for they are on a terrace, as it

were two stories, is particularly immense and covered by tall, thick reeds. The sun shines on everything; it is superb. I am contemplating the scene from a window, a low window like an alcove with seats round (resembling those at Hampton Court). It is a dear little nest, and I am not alone; a man is with me. At first I do not see him, I feel him, quite near me, surrounding me and imploring me, though I do not know exactly what he wants. He annoys me, however, all the more since a woman, who also is not visible though I feel her presence, seems much interested in my man and rather jealous of the care he is expending on me. I am worried at the poor woman's trouble and try to repel the man, who is irritating me, but in vain. At last the woman, seeing that she is losing her time, declares that she will go for a swim. There is, however, no conversation. It is as though conversation was carried on by gestures which the dream describes and explains. Through the window I see the basin full of reeds and I consider that it is not prudent to go and swim there. I do not know whether I tell the young woman of my doubt, but I am disturbed about her for she has gone.

Change of scene. I see a woman in bathing costume standing in the water which reaches half way up her legs. She smiles to the man and to me. There are no more reeds. The water is now like a beautiful calm river glistening in the sun. Suddenly I see the man beside me. He is dressed in something like tights, perhaps a bathing costume, which is soft and shines as though wet. It is of old rose color, and in touching me and pressing against me I have the impression that our naked bodies are together. Then suddenly we reach coitus, though I see no details of this operation. I only know that it is delicious and that I am happy.

Change of scene. I am alone. I undress to go to bed. I seem vaguely to remember what has just happened, as of something happy. I reflect that these rooms leading one out of another (as at Hampton Court) are not convenient, for other people will have to pass through my room. This is small and square, with doors and panels of oak (as at Hampton Court), but horror! all painted over white. Suddenly I discover two more doors in the room. Through one which is ajar I see, though this is vague, two women seated in the next room. The other room, also white, leads into a corridor. After all, the rooms do not run in a series. I feel reassured. I awake.

No erotic sensations on awakening but a strong desire to urinate, and much pleasure in doing so.

Four days before I visited Hampton Court with my friend F., and the thought occurred to me that it was a charming place for lovers.

DREAM XXIX. Night of 8th June. Late but light supper:

I am trying to make my elder child R. eat a pudding which he does not like, and I say to him, "It is very good, it is a pudding called"—

and I give it the name of the road in which lives the friend with whom I went to Hampton Court. I proceed to emphasize the goodness of the pudding. After that, there was some question of Hellenism, but the details escape me.

During the day I had had difficulties with my child over a pudding. The road clearly stands for my friend.

DREAM XXX. Night of 9th June. A light supper late and to bed an hour after:

I am in a road and suddenly a bomb bursts, then another. It is terrible, bombs and noise everywhere. It is a raid. "Where is R.?" I ask, and suddenly I see him, pale and shoeless, against a wall. I take him in my arms, caress him, and whisper reassuring words. I reach an empty house, with the notice up "House to Let." A woman is coming down the steps. It is the house of Mrs. — (wife of my friend F. and now dead) who had invited me to come with R. (this had happened). She was not there, the woman told me. (This also had once happened.) But I could go up—there were people taking care of the house—and make myself at home. I shall find R's shoes in the bedroom at the top of the house. I enter the house, which seems deserted, and fear to turn on the electric light, for the raid continues and there are no curtains. But I light a lamp and go upstairs, looking and feeling for the shoes, with R. in my arms. I awake and very happy to do so.

I had been anxious about Paris and its bombardment. I was also worried about shoes for R. as they are now so dear.

DREAM XXXI. Night of 12th June. Supper a long time before going to bed:

I am making a pie. I ask advice of someone, it seems my servant, about making the crust. It is very vague.

DREAM XXXII. Night of 13th June. A week after the monthly period. A bath before going to bed. I am singularly excited sexually, and do not know how to calm myself for sleep:

I am in front of a large house. I am very lightly clad, but I am not sure whether I am in underclothes or in night dress. I only know that it is white, and that I have no dress on. I am going to see my friend F. His house looks vast and imposing. I feel quite small, and trembling as I seek an entrance. I am in front of a few steps, leading to a kitchen below ground and I will enter these, but before doing so I move back and gaze up at the house to see if I can perceive any lights. I see one window lighted up. It is that of F. How good it would be to be in his arms, close against him. I experience a delicious sensation in thinking this.

That passes. I am in a long corridor, below ground, with a bare floor.

I meet a servant who says, "Yes, she is going to see the old gentleman." But she seems to be taking it as a matter of course, and allows me to pass. I am wandering through a large house like one in which I once lived. I am on the staircase, and meet people. I realize that the house in which my friend lives is really several old houses united in one, and that I am in the worst part of the building. I say to myself that corridors of communication have evidently been made, and I seek one. On every floor, I see a door, but it is certainly not that of a bedroom. On the first floor I open the door of a w.c.; on the second also; but I see nothing for I quickly close the doors again, though on the second floor I know there was someone inside, for I have heard the sound of paper. At last I am in a very long corridor with a thick red carpet. I reach a room at the end of the corridor, my friend's, I say to myself. I enter. It is empty, the bed is vacant; the furniture is covered as though the room had not been occupied for a long time. I am disappointed, but, on the whole, not very much. I throw myself on to the large empty bed, as if pretending there was someone there. It is cold; I quickly get up. I wander in the labyrinth of corridors.

I awoke experiencing no particular emotions, and quickly went to sleep again, to dream no more, so far as I know.

DREAM XXXIII. *Night of the 15th June. (On the night of the 14th I had felt much agitated sexually on going to bed, but remembered no dreams on awaking.) To bed immediately after returning from a visit to F. I am calm and happy and go to sleep thinking of him:*

I am looking for a pump to pump up the water which is threatening to flood Paris. I see Paris in danger. I will save Paris, like the shepherdess, Geneviève of old. I stamp my feet energetically as I repeat that I will save Paris. But I must have that pump. The water that is going to inundate Paris comes in glass boxes of cubic shape, placed one on top of another like a transparent and cellular wall. Many are already empty. But I will save Paris. I must have that pump.

The dream is chaotic. I awake for a few minutes and go to sleep again after carefully repeating to myself the key words of the dream, many times over.

I am in a law court which resembles a theater. The judges are on the stage and the accused are in the auditorium. I am among the accused. The noise of the crowd present is terrible, and the judges cannot make themselves heard. Suddenly, the public and the prisoners rise like one man and defy the judges, singing a Royalist song of which I distinctly hear the words and, it seems, the air, but which I could not recall on awakening, even when humming the only Royalist song I know. In the face of this tumult the judges shout that since we behave in this manner we must certainly be guilty, and they condemn us in the mass to a

punishment which must be terrible, by their expressions, but we do not seem to care.

Change of scene. We leave the court. I am with a young woman. I am pushing her child's baby carriage. I am awkward, the carriage overturns, the baby falls on his head and screams; the mother seems not to care. I find it all natural, pick up the child, console it, tell the mother it is only a trivial accident, and we go on. We reach two rocks, one on each side of a small stream of water. We have to cross it with the baby carriage. The rocks are slippery. I stumble forward. The carriage is again overturned and the child strikes his head against a rock. He is now hardened; he does not cry. The mother remains indifferent. I awake with a desire to urinate.

The Law Court was suggested by a recent trial and an article on "Immorality and the Law" which I had just read.

DREAM XXXIV. *Night of the 16th June. To bed immediately after a light supper:*

I seem to see a horse and carriage and am myself in another pony carriage which I am driving. The two vehicles collide. I do not see the accident, I only see the result, and my brother E. is lying drowned in a sort of stream which flows peacefully on the right. He floats on the surface of the water, calm and as though asleep, like Ophelia in pictures. At this sight I take no notice of the accident to the carriage but jump down to pull my brother out of the water. How? I do not see, but I see myself kneeling on the bank near my brother's extended body and striking his hands. He is saved, I know not how.

Change of scene. I am proceeding, with other people—whom I do not see except one, a very large and tall man—towards a laundry house. It is not visible but I divine it to be situated in the French fashion, on the bank of a river, and washing goes on to the sound of beaters. We are all going to wash linen, but we go seated in little boxes mounted on wheels, with our legs outside, in the fashion of a child's play wagon, and we propel ourselves with our hands, holding two pieces of wood. It is a fantastic course, over imposing hills and valleys, over rocks, over an inclined plane made of slippery planks, like a switchback. At last we reach the laundry house, though I do not see any water. I am looking everywhere for my beater. I awake with a desire to urinate, which I do. Then I fall asleep again; and have the following dream:

DREAM XXXV. *I am, I believe, in a kind of school. It vaguely seems that I am one of the pupils. There are other pupils around me. I suddenly find I am on the knees of a young man, also a pupil, who is seated in a chair. My head is turned up and bent back, with the hair flowing down, and he leans over me. He gives me a kiss on the mouth, I feel his tongue, but we seem more like pupils than lovers, I reflect to myself;*

is it not idiotic to allow myself to be embraced like this when I am happy with my friend F.? But the operation continues for a while, as well as my reflections on it. Suddenly, I know not how, all the pupils, male and female, are mounting an inclined plane of slippery planks. We mount them by the aid of two short pieces of wood with which we push on each side. I do not know how we could effect this, and in any case I see nothing. We reach a class room and I look for my books in the midst of the noise made by the pupils. I awake.

My brother, who comes into the earlier dream, had been much in my thoughts. The method of locomotion, entering into both dreams, is inexplicable.

DREAM XXXVI. Night of 17th June. To bed immediately after a light supper. During the day my elder boy had seen Charlie Chaplin posted up outside a cinema and persuaded me to take him in. I was distressed for it was all war, pillage, women insulted, altogether horrible. But he would not leave till we had reached Charlie. Hence the dream:

I am in a house, a sort of restaurant, with tables on trestles (as seen at the cinema). At one table, I do not know if it was mine, a man is talking. He says: "The girls in uniform are just lined up outside, some of them are pretty, and one can choose and do what one likes."

Change of scene. The same man is seated beside a quite young girl whom he is gently teasing, and she seems to like it. She is pretty. I seem to be in a corner and I feel that I am a spectator of the horrors being perpetrated in this house. It seems to interest me and leaves me rather cold. But—has the man insulted the girl? I am sure of it. She runs away, rushes to a staircase; he follows her, others also follow, all men. He pushes them back furiously with a dramatic gesture and exclaims, "She is mine!" They draw back timidly. The man adds: "We shall see what I will do to bring her to reason!" The stairway seems to have no rail, but to be between two wooden partitions. The man is at the top pursuing the girl, but he is turned towards those who are following him (almost exactly as a scene at the cinema). We are all at the bottom of the stairs. We hear a noise above, a coarse voice, then two shots, the cry of a woman in distress; it is the young girl. Will no one interfere? I hear the man cry out: "If I cannot have her I will burn her alive!" Suddenly the house bursts into flame like a torch. I escape, just in time, for the place is falling in ruins.

Then I am in the street with a young girl whom I have not seen for years. We are looking for the railway station and discussing these horrors quite calmly. I awake.

DREAM XXXVII. Night of the 18th June. A light supper an hour and a half before going to bed. I go to sleep happily and peacefully,

hoping I shall dream of F., of whom my last thoughts have been. Nothing of the kind:

I am afraid I shall miss my train. I am polishing my boots. I see a large black cloud and I say, "We shall have more rain!" I awake. It is time to get up.

DREAM XXXVIII. Night of the 19th June. Light supper before going to bed. The dream is indistinct and escapes me. It is about school.

DREAM XXXIX. Night of the 20th June. A light supper a long time before going to bed:

I am lying on a bed with my child R. I seem to be in a night dress. I rise and sit on the edge of the bed, showing R. a large building on which is written: Bains, Paris, Londres. The bed seems to be out of doors for it faces the building of which we see the frontage. I say to R. "Would you like us to go and have a bath?" A man half concealed behind a corner near the bathing establishment looks delighted at the idea that we are going to have a bath. Then I was awakened by the alarm.

During the day I had spoken to R. of baths.

DREAM XL. Night of 21st June. To bed a long time after a light supper:

I am with my friend K. (a pacifist, whom I much like, secretary to a prominent Labor politician). She asks my news. She assures me that the Germans will not take Paris. I reply that I am not sure; I have fears about Paris. But I hear nothing except my exclamation: "Poor Paris!" as I burst into tears and bury my head in my folded arms, sinking on to a step which seems to lead to a platform where I vaguely seem to see mannequins dressed as in a costume show room. K. puts her arms around my shoulders, but I continue to cry and sob. I awake with a start.

I had written to K. in the evening, mentioning my latest news from Paris.

DREAM XLI. Night of 22nd June. To bed directly after a light supper:

I am seated in the front row, either at an open-air theater, or a garden fête. I am looking about for my husband. He has gone to speak to someone and is coming back, though I have the vague impression that he is restless.

Change of scene. I am with my husband on a high sand dune which on one side is precipitous, almost vertical. We wish to descend the dune. I look towards the precipitous side, but he seems trying to draw me towards a green and gradual descent farther on. Though the dune is high I seem suddenly to come to a decision; laughing like a child I slide down the precipitous side, in a seated position with my skirts raised behind me. It is delicious. He looks at me from above.

Change of scene. We are walking in a quiet and friendly way, talking the while. I ask him: "Have you got that thing?" I know I mean a contraceptive. He replies: "No, but it does not matter. It is not absolutely necessary. We can do without it." I insist: "No, it is not safe; I do not want any more children." Then we seem to change the subject, but continue to talk affectionately. He has his arm round my shoulders, holding me close to him as we walk. I say to him: "You have never told me your intentions. Are you coming here for good? They may take you away." He shrugs his shoulders, as though to imply that he is indifferent. I see him distinctly as I saw him last before his departure, and I talk to him about money and prices and household expenses.

Change of scene. I vaguely see a hotel, the Hôtel de l'Europe. It is all confused. There is a public place where my husband works at a table, with a telephone. There seems to be a question of going to another hotel. Someone, I, it seems, must have had a baby. I see a doctor who is scolding me. I have got up, in my night dress, the day after confinement, and have a baby in my arms. I am standing near a bed. I say, "I could not let her cry like that."

Change in scene. My husband is leading me to his hotel. I reflect that it must seem strange, that I should be confined in a different hotel from his. I feel jealous about the two hotels but I am happy with him. He opens the door of a bedroom. There we find a servant dusting. It is annoying that we cannot be alone, but the room is very large, and at the further end we find an enormous bay window separated by a long white muslin curtain from the rest of the room and with a long seat against the window. There we can quietly talk. We go there and sit down. Suddenly I observe, still in the bay window and the wall to left of it, a bed high up and concealed in an alcove; it seems an old carved oak wardrobe, a little open at the top, so that one sees the corner of a white pillow. This bed makes me smile, and I see a corresponding one on the other side. I say, smiling, to my husband: "How do you suppose I can come and see you if we are to be perched up so high?" Then I seem to be aware of the presence of a second maid. But my husband does not seem to mind. He shows me another immense bed in the room, with gilt pillars. We are happy. I awake and find I am sexually excited.

In the evening a telegram had come addressed to my husband, and I had been wondering where he is just now and talking about him. I believe that all the latter part of the dream was in French, but whether the earlier part was in English I cannot be sure.

DREAM XLII. Night of 22nd June:

I was in Paris, traveling by train, seated on the top of the engine and talking to the engine driver. I seem to be much amused, but I can recall no more.

DREAM XLIII. Night of the 27th June. First night of menstrual period, which arrived rather to my surprise, for I had lost count of the days. Supper with F. and to bed immediately on returning home:

I am in a room and see nothing, but there are people to whom I am talking. I cannot definitely recall anyone. Then I see chairs in yellow wood, a sort of polished walnut. The seat is of open-work wood. There is also a folding couch. I believe that all the chairs fold. I am saying (in English) to someone: "Is it not nice of him to give me all these chairs?" I know that it is my early friend P. who has given me this present; I do not see him, I feel grateful.

Change of scene. I am with one of my old girl friends of college days. We are in a room undressing to have a bath. I see no details. Someone tries to enter. It is a man. Is it P.? I do not think so. I leave this room and meet a man I seem to know. Suddenly everything becomes dim and all I can remember is that I and this man are in the act of coitus. My legs seem to be separated and bent at the knees. I see this distinctly as well as the pubic hair, and the sexual region seems raised and projecting. I distinctly feel the penis in the vagina. I even seem at the same time to see it, small and pointed, not longer than a child's, but hard and firm. The sensation is of an agreeable tickling. I cannot recall the awakening. Possibly I awoke for a few minutes and went to sleep again. At the final awakening I detected no emotion.

On going to bed, with the recollection of a pleasant evening, I had felt slightly excited sexually. The details of the chairs was suggested by a recent conversation.

DREAM XLIV. Night of 28th June. To bed immediately after a late but light supper:

I arrive at my friend F.'s. I ring at the door and as I go up the stairs I say (in English) to myself, "Why did I ring? I never do, and he always knows my footsteps on the stairs." At the top of the stairs I see him, very distinctly, in clothes I know, and smiling radiantly. He is standing on the landing against the wall (the details are as in reality) and seems slightly bent forward as if to salute me in the French manner. With extended right hand he points to the door of the flat. I stumble on the top step and drop a brown paper parcel, tied with string, which I had in my hand. I clearly see the landing paved with grey marble, in squares of two tones which harmonize marvellously. My friend wears the malicious and indifferent air he often has in my dreams though less often in real life. When I reach him he boldly attempts to embrace me. I repel him smilingly because of the neighbors. But we enter the flat close together. Then I see the entrance passage of the real flat but paved with grey slabs like the landing. We reach the bedroom at the end and we sit on a white bed close to each other, I on his left. I see him very

clearly. He says to me: "You did not mind me asking you here? You French people do things so well." I do not recall anything else, though I see in my notes a reference to the kitchen which no longer says anything to me. I awoke happily, made my notes and went to sleep again.

DREAM XLV. Same night:

A pupil is noisy. She is talking with another young girl. I see them at their desks but do not recognize them. I say to the first (in English): "You will not do that again!" But immediately she does. I am furious and say: "You will go and report to the head master that you dared to do what I had just told you not to!" She descends the stone staircase leading to the principal's room, and I must be following her, for I see her suddenly pass the door and run into the yard. It is all very clear. I run after her. I know they are many pupils, boys and girls, in the yard, but I see no one. I run after the girl who is dressed in brown with a brown hat. I feel that my dignity is at stake. Shall I catch her? We are suddenly face to face, lively and heated as two children. She has her back to the wall, and tries to escape, but I catch her. I awake.

This dream is absolutely opposed to real life at every point, even as regards the costume of the pupils.

DREAM XLVI. Night of 1st July. A light supper and to bed an hour after:

I am in a house which I do not know and can only see vaguely. The room is large and spacious. I vaguely see tones of old oak but cannot tell what they belong to. A tall lady in black approaches, but does not seem concerned with me. I am sorry for her for I see she is suffering. He is dead, and she is his wife. I do not know who he is, there is no name, but I know it is someone I had loved. I experience a feeling that is almost religious, and I wish to touch the furniture that belonged to him. I have a feeling of profound and intimate communion with all that surrounds me, even with the carpet on which I am standing. I feel as though I would like to roll on that carpet, to share my grief with it and be happy at its touch. (Throughout the dream there seems to be a vague idea that the dead man is my friend F. but the name never comes though it always seems about to come.) I do not know what prevents me. The lady in black and her grief make me feel constrained. I remain silent, feeling moved, but reserved, while the lady in black displaces a gate-leg table by pushing it alternately on one leg and then on the other, rapidly directing it towards a large open door which leads into another room full of furniture. I see a butler in the other room, busily occupied amid the furniture. He is a round and very important man, with a round rather oiled head, and a calm, knowing, good natured smile. He looks at me, winks, and disrespectfully placing his right forefinger beneath his

right eye, he gives me to understand that he knows my secret, but that she (the lady) has never known, for it would pain her, so what would be the good? I am rather annoyed at the butler's free and easy manner, and at his knowledge of my secret. But I am happy to be among the furniture that is so dear to me, and with which I feel a sort of physical communion.

Change of scene. I seem vaguely to see a path which is, I think, by a river. Beneath my arm is a book absolutely identical with one written by the friend who seems to have been on the threshold of the first scene of the dream. Something to do with cakes comes in here, but it is too vague to recall. Then the dream becomes clearer. I see a Vidal-Lablache Atlas. A man calls me to tell me I have to correct a map. The man is fair and shaved, with a round head, he is unknown to me. He wears brown trousers with a large pale spot, apparently because they are old and worn; he pulls them up as he talks and the gesture is displeasing to me. In referring to the map he tells me there are two rivers where I have only put one, and that Berlin is on the Oder. I reply: "Berlin is on the Spree. I can show it to you in the atlas I have." I find my Vidal-Lablache Atlas (seeing it as I saw it in childhood) and open at the right place. I find, to my surprise, two Oders, running parallel, one through Berlin towards Hamburg, the other to the West. I am surprised and not convinced, but I tell the man I will make the correction. He gives me back my book, which it seems I had handed to him, and I go into an adjoining room like an office. Then I am overcome with confusion, for I ask myself if in the book I had given the man, and which he has just returned, I had not left a letter I should not like him to read, beginning (in English): "You naughty man who made me sob." I look in the book which still resembles that written by my friend. Then I see the man, who is still pulling up his trousers, and he asks me if he ought to change them to go to the lecture. I dislike him with his brown trousers and false air and coldly tell him he had better change them. I awake.

It is certain that the dead man was my friend F., for during the day I had been thinking of happy times spent with him, and how much I should feel the loss of him, whether by absence in another country or by death. The other man, and the butler, are inexplicable. So is the lady in black, unless, by the gymnastics of dream thought, she represents my husband who might suffer if he knew. I believe I had written the English phrase of the dream in a letter to F. The feeling of communion with material objects is a well known feeling, but in old days I was inclined to smile at it; lately, however, it has become pronounced in me. I have always liked carpets and hangings, but have not been conscious of pleasure in touching them, though I like to touch, and even to kiss, personal things like letters and books.

DREAM XLVII. *Night of 2nd July. Light supper and to bed a long time after, with a dose of quinine, for I have a cold and there is much influenza about.*

The dream is vague. I am traveling with my father and mother, and brothers and sisters. We are busy. I see us all in a station restaurant. Then we are looking for a compartment in the train. My mother is nervous and agitated, and we are encumbered with luggage. It is not clear.

DREAM XLVIII. *Night of 3rd July. A light supper and to bed a long time after. A dose of quinine which makes my ears ring. I fall asleep seeming to hear a motor as of a great Zeppelin over my head.*

I dream that I have to go to Paris by train, but cannot have my passport. I am troubled and agitated. Then I see my mother. She has come to live with me and is transforming my little house. She likes beautiful furniture and hangings, and there are new curtains and pretty things everywhere. I like to see her hanging pictures on the walls. Then my elder boy knocks over a mahogany cabinet with many glass windows, one of the legs is gone, but the glass is not broken. I raise it up with my mother's help, and decide to stay at home until all is finished. But there is much to do. I shall lose my train. Never mind. For once I will not go to school, but will say I have the Spanish flu. The train haunts me. I awake.

DREAM XLIX. *Night of 5th July. To bed two hours after a large supper.*

I am on a large white bed and in the midst of changing a baby's diapers. I seem to be in my nightdress. I hold the child's feet delicately between the fingers of my left hand, raising them up, while operating with my right hand. "I want some more safety pins," I say to my servant. "Bother the child!" she replies, "he always wants something." (This is quite true to life.) I continue the operation. I need a sponge to clean the legs which are very long and lean. I do not know whether the sponge is brought, but I see the baby lying on its stomach on the bed, with bottom in the air, and this I kiss. Someone, I do not know who, asks his name. After what seems a moment of hesitation I reply that it is E., then O. It is E. O., my new son (E. and O. are the names of two of my brothers). He is beautiful. I love him. After this I think the dream went off in another direction, and I was troubled over the prospects of my children in the world. But my difficulties seemed about to be settled by a man who eventually turns out to be my friend F. I awake just as he puts his arms round me consolingly.

During the day I had been speaking of children and the American scheme of Mothers' Pensions.

DREAM L. Night of 9th July, a week after end of monthly period. A rather large supper and to bed immediately after.

I see a young man seated on a garden bench with a young girl. He is tall and well-made, with dark brown beautifully curling hair all round his head. I cannot see the girl but I feel that she is of gentle and passive nature. The young man is talking to her, with bright eyes and an abundance of vitality which seems to please her. One might say that in listening to him so eagerly, as he turns towards her talking, she is every moment expecting a declaration of love. The young man, becoming more animated, declaims (in English): "There was once a young man who loved a young woman." She seems about to ask a question, but he continues: "The young man was myself" (I have a vague idea that he here mentioned the name of a doctor I am acquainted with) "and the girl was"—the name does not come into the dream but it was evidently not that of the young girl, for she stifles a cry of pain that the young man does not seem to perceive, for he continues, with increased animation and standing up, with his hair in the wind and tragic eyes: "Yes, and they killed her. She was warned not to go to the station but she gave no heed. She went, and they tortured and hanged her." I see a scene of savagery, though not clearly. It is like a distant picture in which I catch a glimpse of fantastic Blacks dancing grotesquely. The young man evidently sees the same thing; his gaze is fixed and pained, reflecting the terrible spectacle. The young girl rises, and timidly, full of love, passes her left arm beneath her companion's right, placing her right hand on his arm, and looking into his face.

Change of scene. The young man is going along a street, on his right arm the young girl who, from the shock she has received, has become half imbecile and seems shaken by a nervous tremor like St. Vitus' dance. She walks at his side, convulsed and contorted. He aids her, gently and tenderly, with left hand placed on her left hand which rests on his arm. His lofty head dominates her, with luminous gaze, but fixed and directed afar. He meets the parents of the young girl who had been so tragically killed and speaks to them of a pension for his companion. The dialogue is rather vague. The girl is to have money to which the dead girl had been entitled. Of the parents, I only see the mother, a fair, gentle, middle-aged woman. She adds a remark (in English) I do not understand: "In any case he will not drive any more to the station, and they won't stop him again."

I awake, take a few notes, and go to sleep again.

DREAM LI. Same night.

I see a flat in which we have just installed ourselves, and I am occupied in considering how I shall find enough beds for everyone. I see my father, my mother, and a boy I do not know.

A sudden change of scene. I see, in a kind of court, the naked body of a dead woman, stretched on the earth. She is on her back, and I must be behind her head, for I seem especially to see the lower part of her body, her legs and the pubic triangle. I speak to a boy who is trying from a distance to kick a football between the woman's legs. This evidently seems to me quite natural, for I seek to place the body so that he may succeed. I have the impression that I am pulling the body by the shoulders and with difficulty, feeling its inert weight, across an asphalted court. I place it so that the separated legs face the youth, but the legs have a singular way of always closing as soon as separated. At last I succeed in keeping them in place. The young man gives a kick to the ball which I see running to the body, striking it, and rebounding towards the youth, who takes it, and starts again. It touches the spot aimed at, and the dead young woman rises up and exclaims: "Well hit!" The ball had struck her sexual regions. This seems to give me sexual pleasure. (On waking and thinking of it I still felt sexual excitement, though at the same time feeling it was silly to do so.) The young man is vague; I do not know who he is.

Change of scene. I am at a table in a dining room like a restaurant, where there are many other small tables, all occupied. I am annoyed because I have to go out, and before going out to change my dress and put on my navy blue petticoat and a pink blouse. But I do not dare to get up and leave the table. My brother A., at the same table, is talking to me of a green cloak, and I think of my little boy's green velvet jacket, and say, "No, it is not that!" Suddenly my mother at another table turns towards me and says, "Ought you not to change your dress?" I am pleased she has spoken and rise to go towards her, replying, "Yes. They are in the wardrobe." I go to the wardrobe to look for my petticoat and blouse. I reach a room I have to go through before arriving at the bedroom with the wardrobe. At the door I hear voices and the laughter of boys. I knock and ask if I may go through to the bedroom. Then I kneel down before a drawer looking for my blouse. One of my pupils, a fair, smiling, amiable boy, as he is in real life, gently and mischievously kisses me on the left cheek, leaning his head towards mine. With my right forefinger I playfully threaten him. Then I ask of my brother: "Could you bring me some warm water?" Then I awake, but neglected to note at the time whether I wanted to make water, but believe that I did. Garde-robe (wardrobe) is an old French name for w.c.

During the day I had been thinking of a story I had been told of a woman spy shot naked by French soldiers; the story had haunted me. In the evening I had felt much excited sexually, and could not resist masturbation, I am ashamed to say, after refraining from it for a very long time. On awaking after the first dream I thought of my husband, of

money which fails to arrive, and of my friend F., and found that I was sexually moved and wet. At the final awakening I noticed nothing remarkable, but detested both dreams.

DREAM LII. *Night of the 10th July.*

I remember nothing except that I am flying, or rather I leap into the air from one foot. I am as light as a ball that rebounds. I rise in the air, float over people's heads, and then sinking I rise again. It is delicious. A man is looking at me; he desires me; he tries to catch me, but I always escape him by rising in the air and laughing at his failure.

DREAM LIII. *Night of 11th July.*

A vague dream of a walk, a factory, a tramway, though I seem to see nothing, but I am on a bridge with a man, and before me there is a superb mass of water, an immense pool with waterlilies in the sun, and then all is vague again. I awake wanting very badly to urinate. It is as I do so that the dream comes back to me.

DREAM LIV. *Night of 13th July. Late supper and to bed immediately after.*

I am in my old flat of two years ago, but the furniture is new and I say to J., "It is all mine." "Of course it is not," she replies. "You know very well you have sold everything." It is really a furnished flat. "There is even a piano!" I exclaim. There are two or three pianos in a large room; I decide that they are badly placed, and begin to rearrange them. Suddenly I am in the corridor with J. I see a low door like a little cupboard on the floor. "What is this, I wonder?" I open the door and see a great yawning hole at the bottom of which a large fire is sparkling. "What is this?" I ask. "Is it the furnace of the central heating? No, the house is on fire." Then I see myself going down the stairs and calling out: "House on fire! House on fire!" Below, at the street entrance, there is already a fire engine. I call my youngest child and go upstairs again. H. is at the top of the staircase. I call him again. J. is agitated; she has him in her arms. "Give him to me," I say, "or you will fall. Go slowly." We go down, the child is in my arms and full of delight as he exclaims with amusement: "House on fire! House on fire!"

I am in the road. I can see neither J. nor the child. I am standing on a street refuge looking at the flames destroying the house. I see at one corner a fireman hacking down a partition with an axe. I awake.

During the day I had been reading to my elder child (who does not come into the dream) the story of "Joe, the Fireman's Dog." My thoughts have also been much occupied with the question of a new flat; the conversation was throughout in English.

DREAM LV. *Same night.*

It is vague, a room, a sort of drawing room. Near the window a little boy, dressed in pale blue, is on a seat with a hole in it, a kind of long wooden case, full of water. At the other end I can see the water, clean and deep. A lady is there, cleaning her teeth and spitting into the box. I put my head through the door, and say (I do not know whether in French or English), "Before going, I want to wash my teeth." The lady replies, "Come in and make yourself at home."

Change of scene. The child is still there looking at us, but I do not know if he is still on the seat. The lady is no longer there; now it is J., my servant. We are mending a broken toilet table. It is a difficult task. We need some pieces of wood. At last, after much trouble, and with many precautions, we get the table onto its leg and place it against the wall. It is of the half-moon shape with central leg, and being top-heavy will not stand well. It falls; I hold it. The lady comes back; she seems to be someone whom I used to know. I say to her: "I am sorry but we have broken your table. We have mended it, but it is top-heavy and won't stand." She says: "It is only because J. has not done it well." She shows me a piece of marble, with yellow lines on a white ground, and says: "This belongs to another table. The two sides are not alike, as J. has done them, and that is why it will not balance." I awake.

This dream is quite inexplicable.

DREAM LVI. *Same night.*

I am in a large room with several women, whom, however, I do not see nor any details, for it is vague, but we seem to be at a table of hard wood. A man enters and says, "To-morrow morning," giving us a piece of paper on which are written two surnames, one of them mine, while the last is invisible. It means that to-morrow morning we are to appear before the tribunal. We are arrested as pacifists. The other name is that of a school teacher whom I like, but her opinions are in real life strongly militarist.

Change of scene. I and another woman, who is slight but only vaguely seen, await our turn. We can see the tribunal through a door. While waiting I feel nervous. I call out suddenly, "I have forgotten my handkerchief." I turn back, almost running. Someone, I know not who, gives me a handkerchief with a pink edge. I quickly return to my place. At last I hear a voice say, "Case No. 11." A man asks something and the voice replies, "The woman who has so many names," and he pronounces my name. An inspector approaches me, places his left hand on my shoulder and leads me along a corridor. He is tall and slender, in a gray coat; I do not see his head. I ask myself why I was called "The woman with so many names"; can they know that I once had another name? The inspector is still leading me. I ask him the question. He

replies that I will know everything soon. He asks me if I will remain quiet before the tribunal or if he must continue to hold me by the shoulder. I reply that I will remain quiet. We have to pass the corner of a street to enter the court, which is square, lined with light oak, much resembling Bow Street Police Court. The inspector leads me into a vacant space in the middle where I see a kind of platform resembling an overturned gilt fender. That is the place for the accused, but it is decided (I do not know by whom) that I am to be brought in front of a flat desk so as to face the judge. I see vaguely before me seats of oak on steps, the highest being that of the judge dominating me from above. I do not see him, but I hear his disagreeable voice declaiming in a dramatic way (the dialogue is all in French): "You see before you a young woman of some twenty years," and he repeats with a tragic air, "Twenty years!" as though to say, "Is it not sad?" I say to myself, "He is very flattering." But I do not wish to be treated as a child and I call out in an assured tone, as though to brush aside sentimentality and get to the point: "I am not twenty!" I hesitate for a moment between thirty-two and thirty-three and continue: "I am thirty-three. I am not so young as you think." Sensation among the public. My great assurance arouses astonishment. I see, however, at my right the back of a man who vaguely recalls Archibald Bodkin. This man reads out in a harsh and monotonous voice the charge against me. During the reading the inspector continues to hold me so firmly by the shoulder that my green dress slips down, uncovering my left shoulder almost completely, which worries me, but he is packed so tightly behind me that I can hardly move. I make a violent movement, however, with my shoulders to free myself, saying, "Let go; I shall not run away; besides, how could I?" pointing with my right hand to the court room. I add, "Besides, I like being here." The inspector then addresses the judge, "She says she likes being here." The judge turns to me, "Pay attention to what is said to you." Hesitating and trembling, afraid I may say something that will injure me, I reply: "I wish to say that I am pleased to have an opportunity of explaining myself." "Yes," the judge replies, "many people have had that pleasure, and have had to pay for it with five years of hard labor." I imagine I may get two years, and wonder what will happen to my children. Then I say to myself that one must have trust. The inspector continues to hold me tight, but he is now holding my head. He pushes my hair back from my forehead with a gentle movement of the fingers of both hands, and he seems to like the operation. To me it is very unpleasant; contact with the man is repugnant to me. "Why are you doing that?" I ask. "I must show your head to the judge," he replies. I feel that my forehead is large and beautiful, and the abundant hair standing out finely, and I am proud of it, though still disgusted with the inspector. At last the judge seems to come down from his seat, for it is vacant, and he is stand-

ing beside me, on the other side of the railing, gazing at us. He is at my right. He has in his hands a pair of woman's boots, very high and with ridiculously small soles. He continues to talk grandly and says pompously: "Look at these small soles, these pretty little small soles. Merely to look at the shape of these boots one feels that they are heroic. They have done their duty in the Vosges. And these"—pointing to others large and heavy—"these which leave a woman's leg visible, they smell of duty, but the others"—Here everyone is looking at me and I feel behind me people bending forward to see my feet, for he is speaking of the boots I am wearing, large, solid, and comfortable. I wonder to myself whether they will now turn up my foot like a horse's being shod, to look at the soles. I decide to pretend not to understand what that madman is saying. Someone seizes me by the leg, and I hear the judge saying, "But the others only smell of orange flowers." That is said with an air of contempt. I want to laugh for it seems to me better to smell of orange flowers than of duty, but he calls out, "No laughing!" and I reply, with a scarcely disguised smile, "I am not laughing. I am very serious." Then I hear the laughter of my two children as I awake.

The tribunal may be explained by the fact that I had been reading during the day the sad story of a conscientious objector I knew who after more than two years of hard labor is now said to be at the end of his strength; at this I had felt horribly grieved and indignant, for I recall him as a strong and vigorous young man. I can explain the uncertainty about my name; the orange flower has no associations beyond being a symbol of pleasure and luxury.

DREAM LVII. Night of 20th July.

To bed immediately after a light supper.

I dream that I desire to masturbate but am afraid of being seen. I go into a bathroom, shut myself in and lie on the floor. I feel the draught from below the door. I am lying on my back. I raise my skirts in front, when suddenly a young girl comes in. I realize that I had left the key in the outside of the door when I shut it. I am annoyed. I quickly lower my skirts, saying that I am resting by lying on the floor.

On awaking, I find that I am really lying on my back, a position I rarely assume. I am hot and sexually excited. I can recall only twice having ever masturbated when dressed. The first time was when mentally excited by preparing a lecture and when lying on a sofa I did it instinctively without ever having heard of such a practice. The second occasion was similar. It has never happened on the floor or in a bathroom.

DREAM LVIII. Night of 21st July.

I am walking with my friend F., and we come in front of a palace of marble and gold. I see a magnificent staircase but cannot describe its

fantastic architecture. Staircases seem to reach up towards the sky. The whole palace is nothing but staircases in flights of about twenty steps leading to terraces. F. says, "There you can recognize Italian art, all in terraces!" We ascend. Above we find young people drawing in a large room. They are engaged in an architectural competition. I look at their designs. One represents a fresco and seems meant to be over a door; there are rows of saints in long robes of bright colors, blue and red. I reflect that it is very Italian. Another young man with a few fantastic strokes of his pencil traces terraces which again remind me of Italian architecture. I awake.

I am unable to explain the dream.

DREAM LIX. *Night of 25th July. Second day of monthly period. To bed half an hour after a light supper.*

I am at my butcher's. I ask for sheep's kidneys. He gives me one. I ask, "Is that all I can have?" He says, "Yes; I have been without mutton for three months." He takes the kidney back with the air of saying that if I don't want it I can go without. I am furious and say, "I shall change my butcher." He seems disdainful. Then I see the Fire Station, but suddenly I am again at the butcher's and say, "There is going to be a storm." I hear thunder and see rain falling in sheets. I awake at six-thirty.

My servant tells me that it had rained and thundered towards morning. During the day she had been unable to obtain kidneys at the butcher's, and I had spoken of going to him.

DREAM LX. *Night of 26th July.*

Last day of period. After an evening spent with F., I had returned home and to bed immediately after a cup of cocoa.

I am walking with someone, I do not know whom, and we are in front of large masses of water, like reservoirs, with narrow cemented paths between them. We walk in single file along these paths at the risk of falling in, and at one point the path follows a square building of yellow bricks, around which we turn clinging to the wall. Then we take another path, always with the risk of falling into the water which is all around and very deep. I awake, with a strong desire to make water, which I do copiously, and then fall asleep again.

DREAM LXI. *Same night.*

I am in a swing, in the air, my skirts raised. A man below me is looking, and I say indignantly, "You ought not to be there." The sensation of the swing is very pleasant. The man is still there, looking beneath my skirts. Then I am awakened by the children, but again want to make water. I feel sure that the dream, if continued, would have been erotic.

The day before I had seen an engraving in a book of a rather similar swinging scene from a picture by Fragonard.

DREAM LXII. *Night of 28th July. To bed immediately after a light late supper.*

I see a flat, winding, blackish road near a factory. I reach a point where I have to cross a slimy, marshy patch of road by means of a plank thrown over it. I realize that a river has overflowed. People behind me are awaiting their turn, for only one can pass at a time. I see no one, but I hear their voices encouraging me. I step on the plank, which slides back with the pressure. I nearly fall and feel afraid, but try again and succeed. I reach a slight elevation where I meet two, perhaps three, surveyors who with their instruments are taking measurements. I know that they are concerned with the repairs made necessary by the damage caused by the rain. Then I reach a flat dirty canal and follow a black path level with it. It seems a district of factories, as in certain parts of Northern France I am familiar with. I see dirty walls along the canal, and always the dirty water and the black path I am following. At the end of the path I seem to see a bridge with an ascending path I have to take.

I awake with the wish to urinate and a headache. This was an unpleasant dream; the previous dreams of water had been either agreeable or indifferent. During the day I had been thinking of the town I was born in and its ugliness.

(To be continued)

PSYCHOANALYTIC STUDIES

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I. THE NIHILIST INSTINCT IN MAN

Two instincts promote our dramatic interest in life. The instinct of self-continuance and the "instinct" of self-annihilation. Embodied in the first instinct are the instincts of preservation and of reproduction. Embodied in the second "instinct" are the instincts of curiosity and vanity. The driving force of the instincts of self-continuance is Fear; the fear of death. The driving force of the instincts of self-annihilation is discontent; discontent with life.

If Curiosity were uncontrollably stronger as an instinct than its counter-mate Preservation, destruction and death would be the goals of evolution! If preservation were the overwhelmingly deeper instinct, monotony and the vegetative life would be the goals of evolution. As it is, the perilous and crucial interplay of both instincts guarantee, as the aims of evolution, the dramatic possibilities of variety, spontaneity, recordable research and progress, interest, and the numerous differentiations peculiar to the human organism. Not to overlook the marvelously stimulating interaction of the *several* urgent instincts.

The child plays with fire. Some instinct within impels it to experiment with curious situations, promising thrill and novelty. The child, full-grown, attends the circus, the vaudeville, the theatric exhibition of "stunts" and special feats, and with savage delight responds to any "hair-raising" performance involving the see-saw of life and death. The young man, warned away from danger, cannot restrain his mad desire to plunge in where wiseacres fear to experiment. The swimmer *must* go beyond his depth; the automobilist *must* shoot headlong at breakneck speed; the trapeze "artist" must risk yet another desperate leap; the runner must breast the tape though the effort break him—these are a few of the commonest experiences attesting the presence of a suicidal "instinct." The sheer desire to show off; the pugnacious desire to confute a derider; the simple desire to prove one's meritorious mettle; these do not completely account for the heady, self-annihilating instinct wrapped up in

the very primal stuff of life. The instinct-to-nihilation rarely called by this, its right name, has escaped serious attention. Behind curiosity and its twin, vanity, some mad force is incessantly whirling, propelling man to destroy himself in some grand theatric last gasp.

There are three conspicuously quote-worthy passages in Dr. George W. Crile's "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace." They bear so significantly on the instinct under analysis that I shall cite them at length. Writing of the horrors of the "Great" War, he says:

"In emergencies the wounded are packed into cars—freight cars, any kind of cars, on the floors of which there may perchance be straw. Under such stress it may take days for the hospital train to make even fifty miles. The dead from time to time are cast out like dead bees from a hive and the quiet moans of the occupants of these charnels are drowned by the vigorous songs of *the fresh young patriots on the next track eager to fling themselves into the hopper of the greedy mill which grinds steadily on while the nations applaud.*" . . .

"So it is that now man, whom we consider as civilized, as self-controlled, as evolved to a higher plane than his savage progenitors, *is thrilled by the death agony of his fellows.* The action patterns of ontogeny seem but shallow tracings upon the deep grooves of phylogeny; in the cultivated man of to-day is the beast of the phylogenetic yesterday" (my italics).

The crazy exhibitionism of tattooing may have one of its origins in the exercise of the driving urge to self-torture, what I have called the suicidal-tendency; to create the awe of superiority by proving one's capacity for excessive pain. The element of display, is contributory and derivative, it seems to me. The self-chastisement of the medieval monk, cloistered in obscurity, and his fierce self-flagellations must have been due, fundamentally, to the desire to "kill" himself; how could he view with tolerance the thought of continuing for an indefinite period to live in celibate torture? The spiritual motive was a fillip to his suicidal desire. He longed for death, he strained to be released from a life of deprivation, of torturing futility. Death by slow suicide was the monkish realization of a worthy, unearthly ideal. The practices of persecution are sadistically connected with the human delight in nihilation: To witness the demolition of the personality, the disintegration of body and soul, the slow and sure annihilation of a living thing—the torturer's delight, as he felt his deepest instinct (to annihilate!) being thrilled and exquisitely

tormented by the melodramatic excitement of a death graphically consummated, must have been indescribably fiendish. *The passion-to-destroy, in order to drive away intolerable boredom, is the master passion in the human brain.*

War, the Nihilist, brings to a hideous and memorable fulfillment the suicidal tendency latent in savage man. The malicious joy in killing, the monster's blood-delight in witnessing torture, the voluptuous pleasure in dying bravely by one's own sword, in the cruel presence of the driving foe, are so many vivid evidences of the universality of the nihilist instinct. The truest record of man's experiences on earth would begin with destruction, recount the deeds of destruction, and woefully end with destruction. Man the assassin!—patricide, fratricide, homicide, infanticide, suicide. He deals death to animals, offensive and inoffensive; men, foes and friends; women, his own, his neighbor's; children, God's, man's. He kills joy, ambition, love. Destruction, violation, death. Death, violation, destruction, *ad infinitum!* Perhaps all the children of Beasts, cannibalistic and unslaked, are doomed to slow, theatric self-destruction, the blood-realization of a restless and implacable nihilist instinct. We must destroy or we go mad with ennui! We destroy! In the subterranean depths of life are hidden insane suction into which we are irresistibly pulled by the uncanny undertows of desire.

"Whatever the future may bring, however, man to-day betrays at every turn that he is in reality a red-handed glutton whose phylogenetic action patterns are facilitated for the killing of his own and of other species; that with all of his beneficent control of the forces of nature, he has created also vast forces for his own destruction, so vast that civilized man is to-day in a death struggle with the Frankenstein of his own creation; that although he controls a world of limitless force and endless machinery, he yet fails to control that all-important mechanism—himself. Can this animal, bloodthirsty by nature and training, who produces and kills millions of animals yearly and who kills at intervals hundreds of thousands of his fellowmen—can he be so modified as to live in relative peace? Can man in the possession of the power to create, minimize his tendency towards self-destruction?" (Dr. Crile.)

See the child in a rage tearing wildly at its own hair; biting its fingers; stabbing itself; threatening to leap to death; flinging death at its abusers; behaving like a wounded beast, maddened by pain, seeking the fierce release of death. We know very little as yet about *the instinct to self-destruction.*

Beginning in the child's desire to get its fingers burned and to imitate the circus man by swallowing knives, pieces of glass, hooks, and cheap swords, right through the more grotesque experiences of: the mortification of the flesh; the self-humiliations of confessional; expiatory sacrifices and atonements; tempting fate (!); doing dangerous things "for spite"; flying in the face of peril; falling from desperate heights; leaping, trapping, persecuting, wanton-desiring; killing—the instinct of self-annihilation wends its malevolent way through all the mazes of desire, not omitting the desire to theatric suicide. And to think that a variant of Curiosity is the innocent begetter of so much mischief! Without the countervailing instinct of vegetative self-preservation, *where* would we humans be? Perhaps we should be like those ephemerids who live for a day and joyously die—seeking by light-hearted suicide to taste the solace of death.

Death-dealing activities fascinate us.

The adventures of life do not fascinate unless they promise the thrill and danger (and personal crisis) that may lead to death.

Death is the dramatic reality that adds unique zest to life.

We literally kill ourselves by degrees in the desperate quest of the joy of living.

Life has not yet triumphed over Death!

II. INHUMAN NATURE

The contrast between man's national morality and his international immorality is, to put it mildly, disconcerting. The deeds which a comparatively sane man would shrink from committing against his own fellow citizens, he will joyously perpetrate against a citizen of another country. How account for the wanton contradiction? The psychoanalytic explanation (as it may be termed) is illuminating. There is a good measure of truth in the explanation of certain students of the stresses and strains of conventional morality who say that civilized man, too long confined within the shell of a morality too hard to endure with equanimity, unable to tolerate the artificial restraint, sooner or later seeks the opportunity to break loose from the galling confinement. Occasionally he will content himself with "going on the loose." If vaster opportunity offer for the release and relief of too long stifled impulses, he will be tempted to plunge into an orgy of patriotism, with its attendant violations of the con-

ventional bonds and its passionate promise of utter unhindered animal lawlessness.

Bertrand Russell compares the modern disease of nationalism with the superstitious devotionism of our equally barbarous ancestors:

"Devotion to the nation is perhaps the deepest and most widespread religion of the present age. Like the ancient religions, it demands its persecutions, its holocausts, its lurid heroic cruelties; like them, it is noble, primitive, brutal, and mad. Now, as in the past, religion, lagging behind private consciences through the weight of tradition, steels the hearts of men against mercy and their minds against truth. If the world is to be saved, men must learn to be noble without being cruel, to be filled with faith and open to truth, to be inspired by great purposes without hating those who try to thwart them. But before this can happen, men must first face the terrible realization that the gods before whom they have bowed down were false gods, and the sacrifices they have made were vain."

Is mankind in the mood for the terrible realization? Let us ask ourselves why war, like prostitution, eternally abides in the affairs of man? In war the cave man defeats and supplants the civilized man. War is, evilly enough, a great purgative, cleansing of its buried poisons the repressed, conventional, overrefined human nature of pugnacious man. Psychoanalytically regarded, war is the emancipation of the semi-civilized modern man from the cruel restraints and inhibitions of an untoward and uncongenial morality. No one who has keenly observed how human beings chafe and writhe under the fetters of conventionality will be willing to underestimate the importance of this explanation of the war passion.

It may be asked: How is it possible for modern man, bound by a thousand visible and invisible threads of reciprocity and mutual aid to his fellow-man in every part of the habitable globe, to wage war, and so wantonly? Why should he be willing to wreak vengeance upon him whom modern vehicles of intercommunication (material and spiritual) have brought nearer than two county neighbors used to be a century ago? The answer is complex. There are many specific factors to consider.

To begin with, there is the disheartening fact that antagonism integrates and distinguishes a personality much more effectively than does sympathy. There is no gainsaying the fact that sympathy, by its very nature, requires a submergence of the more vigorous part of one's personality. Perhaps, in the larger view, it is well

that it is so. What consolation shall we find in the larger view, knowing bitterly as we do that men, surrounded by narrow patriotisms, restricting allegiances, partisan loyalties, small devotions, do not take readily to any relationship which presupposes a surrender of self-aggrandizement. In a world so miscellaneous, so hodge-podge, so chaotic as this one, antagonism comes to a man's rescue and seduces him into the conviction that self-sufficiency is a firmer and lovelier ideal than self-surrender. Antagonism graphically represents the utter concentration of what is "unique" in personality. Therein lies its compensation and its peril. Simple men clutch at the compensation, willing to play with and risk the attendant peril. Sermons on international good will, on salvation through brotherhood, will avail not one jot with human beings so constructed mentally that the deepest, most thrilling source of self-satisfaction is an exaggerated sense of difference, of otherliness.

Hate may be—indubitably is—an evil force. But if it be evil, who shall deny that men enjoy the fascinations of evil, its power to differentiate them from the nebulous mass, its popular synonymity with strength, the glamor of enmity, all the malevolent joy of opposition? Men would rather be conspicuously different than be either virtuous or amicable. Once we get it into our heads that only by withdrawing themselves into cliques and castes and secret, special camaraderies, do common men learn to sense the obdurate significance of life, shall we, though disheartened, find it easier to understand why hate and enmity flourish though reason invites to a finer amity.

Within the nation the bloody miracle of patriotism has effectually transformed into a seemingly genuine cohesion man's abundant fellow hatred. "It is at least a safe generalization that the patriotic sentiment never has been known to rise to the consummate pitch of enthusiastic abandon except when bent on some work of concerted malevolence." So writes Veblen in "An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace," a work no antimilitarist should omit. . . . The myth of flag worship surrounds the worshippers with a pseudo-genuine sense of brotherhood. Deprived of capacious *intra*-national sources of fervid hate, the myth-intoxicated citizen turns loose upon half-known aliens his flood of antagonism, little concerned which particular aliens his hostility may bruise and debauch. As to the moral lawlessness of hate-envenomed creatures, consider this commentary of Norman Angell's: "In other words, national hostilities follow the exigencies of real or imagined political interests. Surely the point

need not be labored, seeing that England has boxed the compass of the whole of Europe in her likes and dislikes, and poured her hatred upon the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Americans, the Danes, the Russians, the Germans, the French, and again the Germans, all in turn." . . . Provided there be persons to oppose, to hate, to set off, to differentiate sharply from his own magnetic and magnificent self, man will rejoice and aspire. Coöperation as a *mental fusion* is one of the finest, most fragile and most precious of the civilized attainments.

In sober truth, how many humans are civilized? Have we so soon forgotten the wise words of Dr. George W. Crile, whose unforgettable book, "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace," is replete with the kind of truth we are unconsciously hostile to? At the risk of repetition, it is worth while quoting again these penetrating excerpts:

"In emergencies the wounded are packed into cars—freight cars, any kind of cars, on the floors of which there may perchance be straw. Under such stress it may take days for the hospital train to make even fifty miles. The dead from time to time are cast out like dead bees from a hive and the quiet moans of the occupants of these charnels are drowned by the vigorous songs of the fresh young patriots on the next track eager to fling themselves into the hopper of the greedy mill which grinds steadily on while the nations applaud. . . . So it is that now man, whom we consider as civilized, as self-controlled, as evolved to a higher plane than his savage progenitors, is thrilled by the death agony of his fellows. *The action patterns of ontogeny seem but shallow tracings upon the deep grooves of phylogeny; in the cultivated man of to-day is the beast of the phylogenetic yesterday*" (my italics).

At first blush the whole bloody business seems incredible. That a fairly peaceful and apparently self-controlled citizen shall swiftly consent to the annihilation of his fellowmen, to the unutterable outrage of more or less innocent women and children, to the fierce, relentless destruction of noncombatant towns, to naked wrongdoing, is one of those disturbing psychologic revelations of the nature of man which put to shame all our pacific faith in rationality. Professor Bushnell Hart (who cannot be accused of a lack of proper patriotic sentiment) frankly acknowledged that:

"The better organized the army, the more thoroughly does the once free man become a machine, or rather a cog in a machine. If his orders are to fire at the enemy, he sends his bullet in the air and

it descends to kill a man whom he has never seen and who, if he could have known it, might have been a heart friend. He must obey orders if they bid him throw his living body into the cracking, hissing zone of death. He must obey orders if he is directed to fire on non-combatants, or to drop bombs on nursemaids and babies in perambulators, or to sink a shipful of helpless women and children. Disobedience, even under such circumstances, is the heaviest of sins, to be atoned for by a disgraceful court-martial and a shameful traitor's death."

So long as patriotism remains the prevailing ethic of state-controlled men, can we hope to build that kind of civilization of which the pacifist and the rationalist dream? Unless we do adopt the hypothesis that civilization (as we know it), by its failure to subdue and to sublimate man's inexhaustible patriotic capacity for hostility, has actually helped to foster the growth and success of antagonism, we shall be at an utter loss to understand the violent, wanton contradiction between the vogue of international immorality and intranational morality (such as it is). Within a state man does not think of taking the law into his own hands when his honor (so-called) is outraged. Why is he permitted, aye encouraged, to be lawless extra-nationally? Within his own nation man is not permitted to murder his fellowman on the plea of violated patriotism. Why do we bluster about the sacredness of patriotism, of man's duty to murder in its behalf, when the so-called insult is offered by a (negligible) denizen of a "foreign" country? Within a nation a man is not publicly praised and elevated because of his murderous instincts. The state makes short shrift of his type *via* the electric chair or the unwholesome prison. Why, in the name of common decency, do we honor the murderer who commits vile crimes beyond the nation's borders?

"We were marching to hell. If you judged them by their conversation, these must have been brutes at heart, worse than any Apache; and yet of those around me several were university graduates; one was a lawyer; two were clerks; one a poet of standing; one an actor, and there were several men of leisure. Americans almost all of them. . . . The talk finally settled upon the Germans. Many and ingenious were the forms of torture invented upon the spur of the moment for the benefit of the 'Boches.' 'Hanging is too good for them,' said Scanlon. After a long discussion, scalping alive seemed the most satisfactory to the crowd."

Thus the talented author of "A Soldier of the Legion."

Well, in all these cases, brother rationalists, we shall be at our

wits' end unless we make the bold analytic surmise that the very strength of the organized State, its prestige, its coercive power (sometimes misnamed, coöperative power) all intimately and ultimately depend upon a unique conspirator's agreement. The agreement reads as follows: The State will connive at every form of enmity, discourtesy, competitive rascality, race hatred, religious opposition, every available and conceivable outlet for the antagonistic and antisocial nature of Mr. Average Man, *provided* he in turn will blindly yield to the purposes and policies of the State his undeviating allegiance. Of course, within its own borders, the State, for its own protection and prestige must insist upon the ideal of law and order, the upkeep of the social courtesies, the fiction of reciprocity, the illusion of unity; as reward and compensation for these dear self-sacrifices and self-repressions, the beloved State will close its Argus eyes and secretly connive at the wickedness of its citizens in their relation to the States lying beyond the pale.

So it comes about that we are horrified (or pretend to be) at the wanton murder of a citizen within the State; but who is seriously discomfited or distressed by the murder of the subjects of any other State? Who sincerely cares? In wartime, the State improves its bargain by sanctioning, and worse, actually provoking, its citizen soldiery's base surrender to murderous repressed passions and blood-lusts, the soldiery being permitted to give undiminished vent to pent-up hostilities forbidden within the borders. The moral responsibility for these sanctioned outrages, the State, in its capacity of impersonal, feelingless dictator, will gladly assume. The State is without conscience. For the welfare of the coercive State, the individual is permitted to indulge his most primitive passions, too long submerged and repressed, in order that said state may assure itself of his renewed attachment as a "*quid pro quo*."

In fact, it is very doubtful if the modern State, constructed as it is for the interlocking purposes of profit and prestige, could pursue its questionable policies unless it had contracted for its citizens' unquestioning loyalty by allowing free play to the passion of enemy-hatred, a hatred crystallized, hardened and collectively directed against other States. Antagonism is a frightful source of well-being. This is the key to what we may term the psychoanalytic explanation of the impulse-to-war in the modern civilized State. Modern war is the drastic protest against the intolerable pretenses and restraints of modern civilization!

Under the influence of intoxicated passion, men behave bestially

War is a glorious debauch of the emotions. Why scruple to accept the pathologic truth because, forsooth, it humiliates the finer nature?

"Whatever the future may bring, however, man to-day betrays at every turn that he is in reality a redhanded glutton whose phylogenetic action patterns are facilitated for the killing of his own and of other species; that with all of his beneficent control of the forces of nature, he has created also vast forces for his own destruction, *so vast that civilized man is to-day in a death struggle with the Frankenstein of his own creation*; that although he controls a world of limitless force and endless machinery, *he yet fails to control that all-important mechanism—himself*. Can this animal, bloodthirsty by nature and training, who produces and kills millions of animals yearly and who kills at intervals hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men—can he be so modified as to live in relative peace? *Can man in the possession of the power to create, minimize his tendency towards self-destruction?*" (my italics).

With Dr. Crile's wisdom as a starting point, pacifists and rationalists can perhaps march, albeit slowly, towards the realization of their dream of international amity if in the presence of the brute facts they confess their humility and inadequacy and loyally seek for light where light is. The psychoanalysts of our human nature (so heartbreakingly inhuman) are our most illuminating guides.

Men who exult in blood-lust and wallow in indiscriminate carnage will not be persuaded to think ill of their self-indulgences unless the code of glorifying approvals, so dear to soldier-vanity, is brought into disrepute. The rationalist must take up arms, so to speak, against the current conception and practice of Patriotism. From the psychologic angle, the prospect of the perfect "sublimation" of the pugnacious instinct must depend in good measure upon the development of a sensitive individual conscience. If ordinary men would be taught to view international immorality with that fine and fearsome awe which surrounds their attitude (often hypocritical, admit it!) toward violent breaches of morality nearer home, war might be well-nigh unthinkable. Certainly, the provocative causes would have to be infinitely more worth while and profoundly inspiring in a new sense to persuade men to sacrifice their lives and their precious values as reflected in the moralist code developed with pain and difficulty in peace time, for the indulgence of the cheap brute immoralities bound up inexorably with belligerency.

Man must develop an international conscience. So much is perfectly plain. It is hard to see what incentives there will be to that

achievement, greatly desired, unless either the coercive State repudiates its historic attitude of insensate hostility to other States, or (this is the more hopeful alternative) the newly instructed citizenry awakes to the desperate truth of the matter and point-blank refuses to yield its unquestioned loyalty to the State's ulterior purposes. In fine, we must revise all our clap-trap ideas about patriotism, nationalism, independent sovereignty, the State's transcendent rights. The sacred mythology that has through the centuries begotten the malformation of sheepish loyalty must be corrected to suit the honester purposes of a humane internationalism.

Our whole system cries out for radical revision of its too long established creed of: My country, right or wrong!

"If a better and saner world is to grow out of the horror of futile carnage, men must learn to find their nation's glory in the victory of reason over brute instincts, and to feel the true patriotism which demands that our country should deserve admiration rather than extort fear. If this lesson can be taught to all, beginning with the children in the schools, we may hope for a lasting peace, and the machinery for securing it will grow out of the universal desire. So long as hate and fear and pride are praised and encouraged, war can never become an impossibility." (Bertrand Russell.)

Here in America, because of the more or less free intermingling in our public schools of all types, races, nationalities and creeds, the conditions prerequisite for the development of a sensitive international conscience are abundantly present. The question is: Are there enough emancipated teachers who enjoy teaching the truth?

III. A STUDY IN HUMAN NATURE

In 1916 Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson wrote an illuminating essay entitled "The War and the Way Out." It is interesting to study the rationalist psychology of his analysis in the light of subsequent events. Among all the writers on international affairs Mr. Dickinson may perhaps be said to be least concerned with those aspects of our human nature which are essentially irrational. Hence the appropriateness of a criticism that seeks to differentiate between the logic of rationality and the psycho-logic of irrationality. . . .

It is not easy to *explain away* the hectic actions of men if you presuppose that large irrationality which perverts intellect to the baser purposes, made so terribly manifest in a crisis such as the Great War. It is easy to explain the "way out" of bloody mis-

chief-making if you assume rationality to be the normal inspiration of man's conduct. My quarrel with rationalists like Mr. Lowes Dickinson is on this vital issue: Can a man's rational reply to a nicely worded question be accepted at its face value? In other words, does a rationally-grounded assertion have any equivalent value in subconscious motives? I think not. Let us see.

The thesis—that rational motives are not the propelling forces in man's conduct—will suggest viewpoints very different from what the quietist loves to believe is the truth about life. What is a rational motive? Any motive surrounded by so many thought-out pros and cons that *immediate action is thwarted*. What is an irrational motive? Any impulse to action which finds immediate execution indispensable to its continuance. The salient difference between a simpleton and a thinker (as we all know) is a difference in complexity of motive. Complexity by its very nature thwarts action. There is so much to think about before leaping. Simplicity has no alternatives. Its consciousness must be naïvely ideomotor. Cerebrally aroused, it must act, for it has no detaining resourcefulnesses to reabsorb natural impulses. "Irrationality" hints at the obvious truth that intellectual complexity is rare in mankind. The inherited impulses to action are deeper a millionfold than the belated impulse to reflect. Tragic past experiences do not make simple men more wise; they only make them more bitter.

Will thoughtfulness ever become the common attribute of whole classes of men? If it does, the impulse to action, most dramatically realized in war, will have met its psychological Waterloo. If mental complexity is beyond the attainment of mediocre men, the impulse to quick action will rise and recede and flow and ebb and mount and fall with the tidal changes in the levels of intelligence. War will be an eternal possibility for men of action.

With this scrap of reasoning as a preamble, let us analyze Mr. Dickinson's declaration of "peace on earth and good will to men."

"War is made—this war has been made, not by any necessity, any law beyond human control, any fate to which men must passively bow; it is made because certain men who have immediate power over other men are possessed by a certain theory." Does a mere "theory" held by a few upper-class potentates contain such immeasurable fascination for millions of lower-class men that its simple enunciation serves to evoke the marvelous loyalty of belligerency? Can a theory be so omnipotent, magically swaying the conduct of those who actually suffer by its adoption? Most strange! And if most strange,

an equally strange elucidation is needed to reveal the magic of the theory. That explanation cannot be discovered in Mr. Dickinson's essay. His account is so delightfully simple, one has no desire to disavow its validity. It is so clear and rational and so nicely developed to climax and conclusion, it is almost sacrilegious to mock its dogmas. . . . "War is made, not by any necessity of nature, any law beyond human control. . . ." *That depends upon what one means.* If nature includes human nature, and if by human nature we understand a bundle of instincts, impulses and habits so inextricably inwoven in subconsciousness that not even life-long reflection can avail to curb and direct all of them as one wishes, we may venture to prove the theorem that war is made by a necessity of nature. *What is war?*

War is the only known exercise that releases to the full man's vindictive passions. These vindictive passions permeate his brain soaking through every welcoming cell as blood saturates a sponge. Our heritage is blood soaked. Every nerve and fiber in the human machine bears the taint of murderous strife. Man is a fighting animal. War is the glorious lunacy it is, because it permits passion the license and indulgence passion instinctively craves. War releases the vindictive impulses of man. The cost of war is the crazy penalty man has to pay for a vicious inheritance. In view of this analysis, what inept misinterpretation to assert that war is not made by any necessity of "nature." Man doesn't control his instincts; his instincts tyrannize over and passionately control man. Hence no governmental theory of state enmity, no dictatorial diplomacy, no mere commanding from monarchs could avail to drive millions of "peaceful" citizens to slaughtering one another unless deep in the blood-soaked brains of the fighters uncontrollable passions were imbedded straining for the vindictive freedoms of war. Any explanation of war which places the blame for conflict outside of the passions of the fighters is at least half wrong. A governmental or a capitalistic or a militaristic theory of war may adequately explain why a few potentates possess too much power; or why capitalists need expanding markets; or why warlords love the glory of combat. It does not adequately tell us why millions of "peaceful" citizens, with no *apparent* ill will toward one another, respond so ecstatically to the call to arms!

Suppose these omnipotent governmentals were to issue a call to the soldiery—the "flower" of the nation—to enlist in a scientific

war: a war against disease. Would the nation be roused to memorable heroisms? Why not?

War frightens the soft imaginations of children because (being children) they view life dramatically, white and black, good and evil, peace and war, love and hate. This juxtaposition of values does not commend itself to ripened intelligences as a faithful picture of reality. War and Peace are not true antonyms. Peace differs from war essentially in one human particular: in times of peace, villainy is broken up (as it were) into so many fragments, so distantly removed in time and space, that the common imagination cannot visualize the far-outspanned reaches of evil doing. But war is more obvious and graphic and compact. It dramatizes the villainies of peace so relentlessly that we are terrified into protesting against the evil that men do. War is a living hell; piled mountain high, where every mortal eye can perceive them, the writhing brutalities of human beings bear witness to passion's sway. *Peace is a hellish living* (for those same humans). Evil is rampant, on a slightly diminished scale. Even in so-called Peace, villainy and enmity are everywhere, corroding the heart of existence and poisoning men's passions.

Suppose a miracle were to annihilate space and time so effectually that the manifold corruptions thriving in a period of thirty years' *peace* could be gathered up and compactly built into a human pyramid, black and ominous like the thing of evil it actually is. Wouldn't we all stand aghast at the colossal carnage wrought by the enmities of men, *in time of peace*? Why be so shocked at the revelations of war? Are they so different from the accustomed behavior of pugnacious men? Only the puerile mind can see in war the damnation and pillage it blindly overlooks in eras of so-called good will. It is not war, human beings find unnatural. Oh, no. It is only peace that is unnatural. It is untrue to state that the enmities among men "do not occur because they belong to different states." That's exactly how they do occur. Enmities are such ferocious forces because they are pent up in irrationality. They are untamable, unreasonable, whimsical.

The Germans hate the English, whom they have never met (acquaintanceship thaws aversions and engenders amity!). The English hate the Prussians, whom they have never met. The Americans hate the Chinese and Japanese whom they have hardly known. And so on. Men hate deeply because their own sense of superiority is thereby expanded. *How are we ever going to curb*

that passion for special self-distinction? We hate, irrationally. That's why war is an eternal possibility. . . . "The governmental theory holds that States are the great realities, and that they are natural enemies. My reply is that States are unreal abstractions; that the reality is the men and women and children who are members of the States. . . ."

Let us agree with Mr. Lowes Dickinson that states are "unreal abstractions" (though the full meaning of that grotesque phrase is hard to decipher), and that the people are the great realities. Suppose these beloved people find joy and self-expansion and vicarious greatness in thinking of "their" state as greater and more glorious than any other state. Doesn't familiar experience prove that a little ten dollar a week clerk, who does the filing for a big business firm, tastes the eucharistic joy of "bigness" when he speaks of "*our firm*" as having done a larger business than any competitor in the field? How much does poor he profit in dollars and cents by that prosperity? Yet that make-believe self in him will have its histrionic thrills. A part to play in life: That's what man's soul craves. Now the citizens of a nation—"The great reality"—feel themselves individually insignificant and overlooked. They ache for distinction: Here's where the state steps in and cleverly exploits a human weakness.

The state, awe-inspiring, powerful, glorified, creates the theatricalism of patriotism which subtly binds every loyal heart to the protecting mother. The people (like the little office man) learn to speak of *our country*. The joy of self-expansion has been attained. The people gladly pay the price of their thrilling loyalty. The moment I have declared my love for "my country," I have sealed a bloody bond. I have promised to achieve distinction for myself and my state. Human beings achieve their costly distinctions by exclusiveness. They know no other way of feeling important. Hence their attitude toward the foreigner is antipathetic. *Antipathies are sources of self-distinction*. The white race hates the other colored races, black, brown, yellow; that is, it purchases its superiority by antipathy. The law of exclusiveness is of the very texture of human fellowship. Most calamitous fact, but a fact nevertheless. *States are natural enemies* in the tragic sense that the members of each state must have enemies to feed their vanities upon. There's a truth worth pondering, Mr. Rationalist! Don't hold the "people" in such sentimental respect and you will understand them better.

"Ask any of these men who, without a word of warning, have been torn suddenly from their homes, their occupations, their friends and wives and children, whether they would choose, if the decision rested with them, to sacrifice all that they hold dear, and to destroy, so far as in them lies, all that is held dear by all the people of a neighboring nation, in order to aggrandize the French or the German State—ask them this, and what answer would you get?"

Yes, ask any one of the human wretches crazed by the war lust whether he would "sacrifice all he holds dear and destroy all that is held dear by all the people of a neighboring nation"—for the glory of the state! The very posing of the question is pure rationalist folly. How many persons ask and answer rational questions rationally? If a man did honestly admit that he was going to war with malice prepense, a hater of foreigners, a lover of strife, why, he would be called a diabolical murderer. That title is not pleasing—not even to murderers. But let him prate of duty and civilization (he understands neither and doesn't care to) and he can ravage and destroy and crucify to his heart's delight with an easy, peaceful conscience. *That dual recompense man seeks here below—to fulfill his vindictive passions without sensing the terror of the wilful murderer!* War solves the greatest of all human dilemmas. It supplies the masks for murderers. Men do as they instinctively please, and feel, to boot, the sanctified security of crusaders fighting for the recovery of holy grails. The state plays its mock heroic part in this cupidinous copartnership by surrounding vicious impulses with the approvals of glory and of patriotism. Thus the state protects common murderers (the soldiers doing their duty) in their assaults upon the enemy. The state can dignify butchery. Individual men cannot. The state and its fighting citizens have much in common. Of course, you can't expect individuals in their calm, rational, unoppressive moods to speak like murderers. No man, no matter how vile his impulses, enjoys the thought of being pointed out as a brute. But give that same man a more clandestine and more subtle opportunity for the expression of his hectic passions of hate and envy and pride—and war does not terrify him in the least. Let us bravely gulp down that bitter knowledge of human nature.

Can't the well-meaning Rationalist *realize* that the very word "choice" is a jarring irrelevancy in a discussion of irrational impulses? Isn't it abundantly evident to the thinker that war is the dramatic outburst of instinct, while an explanation of war is the outburst of reason; and that reason never adequately recapitulates

instinct's vagaries? If you rationalize man's consciousness, you achieve a simple, coherent account of his conduct. What value has an account which omits all mention of those ancient instincts from the collision and collusion of which, human friction (including war) is periodically precipitated?

If it isn't pellucidly obvious to observers that good intentions, sweetly pledged in pacific moods, have no necessary or vital relation to the passionate conduct of Mr. Man *in a crisis*, then wisdom remains indeed a futile blunderer. . . . For example: on his wedding day, buoyed up by the undercurrent of good wishes, a bridegroom will joyously promise to treat his spouse tenderly, lovingly, sympathetically. Everyone knows the tragedy of good intentions—and of marriage. We all make a mess of life. Some are more expert than others: some corrupt it irremediably. Everyone knows that we are simply incapable of the sustained devotions of the few perfect hours. Friction, confusion, enmity, misunderstanding, domestic wars, are the recurring incidents in the vitagraph of fellowship. Ask any man in his exhausted moments of serenity whether he harbors ill will toward bird or beast or man. He honestly believes (at that sublime moment) that he loves the whole living universe. But he doesn't. An hour later he will be roundly abusing the servant girl for her damned ignorance or bullying his wife for her incompetence. *Men's rational decisions are not to be taken too seriously.* We are all adepts in sweet intentions, but horrible bunglers in actual contentions. Irrationality is deep in the human make-up.

The Rationalist's ignorance or wilful disregard of the brutish instincts that devastate man's mind is nothing less than astounding. He wants to know whether the dear people, if interrogated *one by one in their sane and calm moments*, would willingly plunge Europe into war for the sake of gaining territory for their state? The query is meaningless. I have explained why in another place. The rationalist attitude is, however, so inspiring and even natural (in our philosophic moments) that I shall dwell a little longer upon its futility.

Ask a manufacturer, *in his sane moments*, whether he would deliberately poison a nation with adulterated food? What would he say? Ask a trust magnate, in his calm moments, whether he would premeditatedly plan to plunge a whole industry into paralysis and civil war? What would he say? Ask a politician whether he

would willingly deprave a whole community by supporting houses of prostitution? What would he say in his thoughtful moments?

Ask an executioner, in his sane moments, whether he would, if the choice rested with him, hush the vital throb in a fellow's bosom because it is legally "right" to murder a murderer. What would he say? Ask a father, in his better moments, whether he would willingly corrupt his wife and pollute his children's blood by communicating the syphilitic taint to them. And his reply? Ask the doctor, in his moods of remorse, whether he would choose to exploit the credulity and ignorance of his patients. What would he say?

Ask any person—no matter how devilishly guilty of mischief making—in *his saner hours*, whether he isn't ashamed of his brutal conduct toward his weaker fellows, what would he say? . . . Man lives by cunning and robbery. The state, *which is man without any conscience at all*, lives likewise by cunning and robbery. Hence the state is a necessary thing. (Some day man and the state will exist for finer purposes. So we dare dream!)

Rational questions evoke rational answers. Neither rational question nor rational answer is reliable. *War cannot be explained by rationalist psychology*. Mr. Lowes Dickinson—to choose the most detached of the rationalists—has failed in his analysis. Men are capable of doing crazier and more malicious things than he (sweet philosopher) is aware of. Machiavelli is terrible because he makes us see ourselves as we really are. Men don't relish that experience. Rationality, like truth, is a foreign language to mankind.

"No more! No more! And never again! You rulers, you soldiers, you diplomats, you who through all the long agony of history have conducted the destinies of mankind and conducted them to hell, we do now repudiate you. Our labor and blood have been at your disposal. They shall be so no more. You shall not make the peace as you have made the war. The Europe that shall come out of this war shall be our Europe. And it shall be one in which another European war shall never be possible."

Beautiful, most beautiful sentiments. Would that they were less rational and more real! There will, unfortunately, be many another European war. War leaves the same vicious, ineradicable taint in the bloody traditions of the survivors as life leaves in the instinct-bound brain of man. The arduous task of curbing impulses is not yet within the capabilities of mere man. For centuries (untold centuries), men will continue to hate and compete and fight because these disciplinary exertions are *the only known outlets for their*

prides and prejudices. Every thoughtful man is truly sorry we are not more perfect creatures, in love with goodness and amity and fraternity and peace. But here we are, vicious victims of heritages that lie too deep for common control. War will not cease from the earth—so soon. At least, so it hideously *seems*.

The sweet dream of peace is a deeper illusion than the glorification of war. Nothing in human longing is to me so touchingly pathetic as our ineffectual desire for the amities our hot impulses repeatedly nullify. We desire peace but we are not satisfied by its exacting tameness. We gladly applaud grandiloquent appeals to our finer nature; our very applause betrays the savage lurking in our hot souls.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson touches the final stop in his resounding diapason of good intentions when he writes: "I appeal to his common sense, his conscience, and his heart. . . . Is it tolerable for a decent human being to pursue this advantage at the cost of other human beings, by means of war as war has now been freshly and vividly revealed to me?"

We sadly reply: There is no act so hideous as to be beyond the capacity of man. Incest, rape, prostitution, infanticide, fratricide, homicide, political wars, religious wars, commercial wars, exploitation, robbery, theft, cunning, trickery, larceny, treachery—wrong-doing, wrong-doing, wrong-doing! . . . man has lived by brute strength and by brute wit. He hasn't known how to do better. Don't condemn. Don't praise. Pity. Understand. And best of all, don't expect too much. The god in man is weak, the brute, strong. The brute knows no appeal to "conscience, reason, common sense and heart." It is not only tolerable for "decent" humans to pursue their personal advantages at the terrible expense of other humans (every day's business activity dins that truth into our heads), *they build laws, customs, moralities, and universities to sanction, justify, legalize and glorify that very brutal relationship*. Man's inhumanity to man makes a few countless thousands mourn and other counted thousands rich and powerful and self-important. The powerful will not yield up their advantages. And what is more tragic—the defeated "countless" thousands seek *those very advantages*.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson can ask a remarkably good question: "How is it that such men (the leaders of governments), victims of illusion, have been able to involve millions and millions of men in universal massacre . . .?" This essay is an attempt to straighten

out some of the perplexities implied in the question and to answer whatever is answerable in it by an analysis of man's *irrationality*. Mr. Dickinson's diagnosis is amazingly ineffectual because it treats man as a rationalist.

What does a thinker mean by speaking of war as an illusion? He surely must mean that the costs are greater than had been anticipated and that the results are less satisfactory, to vanquished and victorious, than had been prefigured in imagination. Admitted! But suppose (still loyal to our philosophy of irrationality) that the poignant tragedy of existence lies exactly in this truth: that *illusion is indispensable to Man's nature*. Illusion at bottom is the vanity of superiority. No living thing that aspires is capable of shaking off the fascinating thralldom of illusion. How many honestly wish to? How many are even critically conscious of their enchaining illusions? The mother wants her child to be a king among men. He will most likely be a factory slave. Alexander wants more Worlds to conquer and dies like every other vain mortal unacquainted with his own foibles. Ozymandias of Egypt seeks to immortalize himself in marble but nothing remains except the inscription to mock his huge folly. Mr. Average Man wants to be immortal and spends an hour every week begging God to grant him that special privilege.

Every youth is sure he is meant for great things. At thirty, he has ceased striving, aspiring, dreaming. He has become disillusioned. But every newcomer in life repeats the experience, for we believe in none other as we do in ourselves. We can't help it. Everywhere and always illusion, illusion.

What if it be found that war is that thrilling illusion of superiority, for the indulgence of which, irrational creatures will light-heartedly offer their blood and substance? What if to common men war's illusion is more appealing (and it is) than reflection and reason and calm delight and good will? What if illusion is the only "reality"? A disconcerting query! *Suppose* the only ineradicable reality is illusion itself? What shall we then say of man's passion for war and for thrills?

Illusion is the joy of worthwhileness. If war is an illusion, doesn't that fact explain (as no rationalist analysis can) the heart of our difficulty? Being an illusion, war thrills and captivates and challenges and expands and glorifies as only illusion can! What do the rationalists say? Isn't it self-deluding folly to assert (as the sweet-tempered Dickinson does) that war is not relevant to

life's purposes? *Whose life's purposes?* The common man's? Suppose his life appears to him to have no conscious purpose? He is a creature of routine, a victim of hazards, of accidents, of whims, of fair weather and foul. Suppose war *does seem purposeful* to his starved imagination? For after all, what is purposefulness to the average man but the fixation of his energies upon some glittering goal? When something startling is imminent, purpose leaps into consciousness. To mediocre souls, the crises of life seem most purposeful.

War is the most dazzling of these crises. War captivates man's vagrant attention, stiffens his backbone, braces his will, and envelops his hectic brain in a vivid purposefulness. War (the great illusion) is the great reality. Irrationality swamps rationality; man's passions swamp his good intentions; the thrill of war outclamors the gentle dream of peace—man appears to be *living!* War is the great illusion. But (saddest of truths) illusion is the great reality. . . .

So it doth appear in disillusioned sober truth, my brother rationalists.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF GRAPHIC ART IN PERSONALITY STUDIES (I. AN INTRODUCTORY PRESENTATION OF THE POSSIBILITIES)*

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Since the almost universal acceptance of the fact that an understanding of the unconscious dynamic mechanisms is necessary if one seeks to adjust the mental behavior of a personality in which the emotions have been deviated from the usual paths of expression, a number of methods have been originated and developed for the purpose of exploring these regions of the mind. Among the methods utilized during the development of the concept of the unconscious and in a way representing stages in its progression may be mentioned: hypnotism (mesmerism, etc.), crystal gazing, automatic writing, the dream work, and the reduction to fundamental causes of unconscious mistakes in speech, writing, and other forms of expression. Several of these have been used scientifically for many years, but unfortunately the public at large has known them only as popular forms of parlor amusement. Of the above mentioned methods, those emphasized by the Freudian school of psychology have been found to yield the most practical results, and thus are the methods preferred by those experienced in psychotherapy; notwithstanding, the conclusions obtained have aroused the antagonisms and even the anathematizations of our adversaries who pride themselves on their strictly scientific attitude based on scientific methods of investigation (weight and measure methods). In fact the opponents of Freudian psychology have without adequate investigation stigmatized the concept of the unconscious as being composed of metaphysical antinomies.

Each of the methods of investigating the unconscious has its values and particular field of application, and it is a well recognized and oft emphasized fact that the dream work is the "royal road" to such a study. However, it is the purpose of this paper to describe a method which is closely allied to dream interpretation. I refer to the

* Read before the American Psychopathological Association at Philadelphia, Pa., June 7, 1924.

utilization of the unconscious revelations through graphic art which the patient can be encouraged to produce. The interpretation of the art productions of patients has long been recognized as part of the psychoanalytic technic, also the detection and explanation of certain personality traits of noted artists through a study of their productions have been attempted with more or less success. However, from the results of personal experience I am convinced that this important avenue of projection has not received due consideration from the standpoint of psychotherapy, *i.e.*, it has received more academic attention than direct application to the problems of the analysand.

The drawing of the patient may be considered subject to an analytical attack similar to that employed in dealing with dream material, regardless of the nature of the releasing cause; which may be a suggestion by the analyst, a reproduction of a dream image, a phantasmagorical impression, a spontaneous projection of memory material or a projection utilization to effect relief from an "inner drive"; moreover, the content of such productions, whether they be merely expressionistic or highly sublimated specimens, is expressed after the fashion of a dream in three interpretive levels, *i.e.*, the manifest content, the latent content, and the deductive or derivative meaning, each of which is to be investigated by appropriate procedures, such as are in use in dream interpretation. When this is correctly done it will be seen that the individual under investigation has perhaps projected in a permanent but more or less disguised form, his conflicts, wishes, identifications, displacements, conversions, transference status, and introjections as well as his substitutions, sublimations, symbolizations and rationalizations.

It is not convenient at this time to discuss the psychology of artistic work as such; in its relations to the artist, its origin in the failure of reality to satisfy the personality, or in its rôle as a creation eliminating the disagreeable in life, but I will hasten to show how maladjusted psychoneurotics are notably benefited by this method of objectifying their difficulties, and that the drawings of patients suffering from more severe regressions furnish considerable evidence of value in interpreting the fundamental mechanisms of the disorder; to tautologize, frequently the basic unconscious difficulties of certain patients are through this manner of objectification brought to consciousness with greater facility than through dream analysis.

Much of the material obtained through the careful study of the drawings of psychoneurotic and psychotic patients may be used in

support of the concept of the collective or archaic unconscious, which, notwithstanding its denunciation by many authorities who have not yet supplied as satisfactory an explanation of certain phenomena, expresses itself universally in the dream and graphic work through its manipulation of natural cosmic bodies such as sun, moon, stars, trees, earth, etc., representing male and female, the sea figuring as the mother from whom all things originate and return, through the construction of archaic dragons, embryonic shapes, plentiful snake symbolisms, theriomorphic faces, manheaded monsters, through the elements of sun worship, the symbolism of the right and left sides of the body representing masculine and feminine—good and evil—God and the devil, and through the universal symbolic use and meaning of numbers and colors.

Concerning the interpretation of these allegorical expressions, utilizing archaic symbols; as would be expected, the patients are rarely able to give us luministic associations which fact should not be disconcerting from the practical standpoint, since knowledge of the construction and behavior of the primary unconscious which is fixed in its reactions and probably unmodifiably structuralized will not function as an aid in reestablishing or maintaining mental equilibrium. In other words it is not the product of individual repression.

The meaning of the above mentioned material appearing in drawings must be deducted, it is that content, the story of which must be derived from a study of the development of mankind as a whole, and particularly in the earliest manifestations of civilization, culture and religion.

The latent content in drawings may be obtained by the association method as applied in dream analysis, and while it is the result of fixation and repression, much of the substance, particularly that expressed at the uterine level, requires an interpretation derived from other sources of study, and from the observation of early child life.

In the latent meaning of pictures we may in certain instances find the death wish to be a prominent feature—a longing for death is often so artfully concealed that the producer is not aware of its existence. These deeper regressions are exhibited through drawings featuring among other things, sunsets and the sea. Death wishes against the self appearing frequently as figures turning away from safety and sinking in the sea. Obvious death wishes against the parents may appear in definite sexual or even genital settings. In one drawing labeled the "poison cup" produced by an obsessional

psychoneurotic woman, the wish was directed against the father-husband image appearing in a setting ornamented with many of the symbols of death; also among the psychoneurotic productions the featuring of heads presenting two pairs of eyes—one pair open the other shut, is not of uncommon occurrence. Naturally many of these death projections are ill concealed and easily understood, but some require considerable study before an interpretation is to be ventured.

Drawings exhibiting autoerotic or autophilic tendencies are frequently enlightening and apodeictical in their import. Patients having conflict headaches sketch distorted heads often among elaborate designs. One patient drew a head which was split open with a monkey peering out of the aperture. Of similar significance are drawings of figures from which the hands have been omitted, are hidden, or have been symbolically amputated. Sketches of masturbatory manikins of mechanical construction, intricate masturbatory designs, and those showing anal erotic admissions or protests are all helpful in bringing repressed thoughts to consciousness.

Occasionally the infantile figures peculiar to the attempts of children are produced by adults who thus illustrate the sinful thoughts of childhood or inflict all varieties of phantastic self-punishment for early supposed moral delinquencies. The utilization of the number 5 as a masturbation symbol occurs with striking frequency among these projections.

The "evil eye" or "all seeing eye" of God, the male parent, or the analyst or in a combination of all three is the central theme in many drawings of both sexes, of all ages and of all nationalities. These may be represented as single eyes, Cyclopean, or otherwise in position, surrounded by infantile scrawlings or by simple figures either representing "sins" or symbols of denial. Here the large eye may be a central figure surrounded at some distance by symbolic scrawls many of which do not lend themselves satisfactorily to interpretation, while others show resemblance to the artistic productions of primitives. In some neurotics the tendency is to draw grotesque single eyes in odd or expressionistic settings.

Fusions of eyes or double eyes or eyes with two pupils have always been found upon analysis to represent two points of view—one that of homoerotic impulses and the other, heteroerotic tendencies, *i.e.*, the bisexual point of view. Such representations usually emanate from those with strong conscious bisexual trends.

The sadistic and masochistic trends dominate many of the pictures

in which faces distorted by pain or cruelty and hate are combinations or condensations of the patient and a parent, frequently with resistance toward the analyst also expressed in the same structure. Figures of the cruel father image with hate reactions are often displaced by revengeful motives taken out by drawing depreciatory figures of other individuals with whom the patient has formed disagreeable contacts early in life. For example one of my psychoneurotic patients with sadistic trends who had been treated in a cruel fashion when a boy, by a clergyman school master, was wont to sketch this man with an exaggeration of brutal features, but occasionally in ridiculous poses, and once characterized him with a very small head vertex (brain case) standing by and dictating to a monkey who was seated on a stool in a meditating attitude. The picture was labeled "A Lesson in Evolution" and one of the patient's associations was that it reminded him of Vaihinger's saying, "Man is a species of ape afflicted by megalomania."

Some patients sketch lugubrious faces of small children which in addition may be distorted, cut, bruised or otherwise injured, thus evincing the self-pity which has so often proven to be a valuable pleasure principle.

Narcissistic forms are constantly encountered in a large variety of expressions often in very poorly disguised structure and not infrequently in combination with homoerotic conflicts or bipolar problems. The homoerotic conflict may be portrayed as grotesque or multiple headed monsters in the act of deleting the personality. The patient is represented as being in the grip of great hairy apes or in the destructive clutches of horrible monsters. Moreover Satan in several forms plays an important rôle both as a tempter and as a representative of the homoerotic cravings.

The castration complex with its interesting features is also drawn into a variety of pictures particularly in those, where people are destroyed or permanently injured while reaching out for the possession of a portion of the universe, *i.e.*, struggling for the father's place in the family unit. Also the personal fetishes of patients persistently appear in their artistic attempts, for example, a woman's shoe is the fetish of a certain psychoneurotic who is also an artist, and in nearly all of his numerous productions such a shoe is to be found, although frequently it is so cleverly disguised as to remain undiscovered by the scrutiny of his conscious mind.

Adult pleasures and conflicts are drawn in elaborate designs referring to mundane love objects, religious themes and occupational

adjustments. Mental indigestion over moral problems such as abortions, conception preventions, or heavy responsibilities also appears in the fabric of the creation.

In connection with the practical application of this approach to the unconscious one may offer the following points of interest.

(1) All art is basically a confession and is created from unconscious motives, the producer creating the world according to his own image, as Pfister's José says, "I characterize as art everything that is capable of expressing the emotions of the soul."

(2) Since graphic productions are similar to dreams in their construction including the expression of the dream work mechanisms—condensation, displacement, dramatization, secondary elaboration, etc., and are composed of the same material; the additional and more permanent and perhaps more detailed presentation of this material in a drawing or other graph affords an exceptionally favorable therapeutic opportunity which deserves more attention and study than has been afforded it in the past.

(3) Nearly all types of neurotic and psychotic patients are able with a little tactful encouragement to draw some sort of pictures for analysis—some sketch spontaneously—others may become skilled in drawing their dream pictures, while many prefer to draw their day dream phantasies. However, resistance to the analysis is frequently encountered and it becomes very difficult to get the patient to draw at all, a mechanism probably identical or very similar to that encountered in patients who refuse to dream. Therefore because of this resistance and censorship many drawings are left unfinished or are spitefully destroyed, a reaction to be explained on the basis of the active repressions in force.

(4) The manifest meaning in pictures is usually exhibited by the labels and titles utilized by the producer or by his free description of what he is endeavoring to present.

(5) The latent content obtained by the usual methods of psychoanalysis discloses forbidden wishes, feelings of love and hate with figures often distorted by suffered or practiced cruelty, criminal trends, self-adulation or narcissistic tendencies, and death wishes. These obscure or hidden meanings express the fixations and regressions at the various levels of early personality development.

(6) Pictures also show the present state of or any changes in the transference. Often these transference pictures or the transference contents of a drawing do not express the whole personality situation, but are filled with neurotic suppression products connected

with one or more symptomatic trends, or linked up with the features of many historical images which may interest, haunt, or distress the conscious mind of the individual.

(7) The transitional stages as well as the progress of an analysis are often presented in an interesting manner and are nicely brought out through the study of periodic drawings.

(8) The drawings often show a striking resemblance to the artistic attempts of primitives and the derived content which is a constant feature, rich in ancient symbols in all such works of art, furnishes a tremendous field, and unlimited opportunities for much needed studies on the "collective unconscious."

(9) Through the analysis of the contents of these productions, an additional way of bringing to consciousness the underlying difficulties of the creator is developed in a manner that demonstrates the basic motives in these attempts to satisfy the individual instincts. These productions serve in the important process of objectification and in the socialization of conflicts.

(10) Pfister conceives that an artistic work acts in a solution of the conflict, and that its socializing character counteracts introversion and prevents the individual from being swallowed up by the ego; however, these imaginative solutions may fail entirely, or so much pleasure may be derived from its expression that the artist may avoid coming to actual grips with reality.

The latter may be true of the real artist, but it probably does not hold for the expressionist who is rarely ever satisfied with his neurosis.

SPECIAL REVIEW

PHYSICAL BIOLOGY¹

BY WILLIAM A. WHITE

Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.

Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 89.

This exceedingly stimulating and informing book ushers in a new science—the science of Physical Biology, which term the author suggests (p. 49 f. n.) in contradistinction to Biophysics or “that branch of science which treats of individual life processes” should “be reserved to denote the broader field of the application of physical principles in the study of *life-bearing systems as a whole*.”²

This expression, life-bearing systems as a whole, is the key to the subject matter treated and indicates the breadth of view and thus of necessity the immense material that must come under review in a program based upon such a concept.

In approaching this most comprehensive way of dealing with life the author starts in the first chapter to consider the basic factor of definitions in order to clear the way and leave no misapprehension as to just what he is discussing in the succeeding pages. Definitions are matters of expediency and agreement. Certain pseudo problems of science have owed their origin to the misunderstanding of a problem, supposing it to be a problem of fact when it was only a problem of definition.³ Because the terms *animal* and *plant* occur in the vocabulary of the biologist he has felt the necessity of establishing precise distinctions between them without realizing that these names are generations old, parceled out by popular consent and by unscien-

¹ Lotka, Alfred. *Elements of Physical Biology*. Published by the Williams and Wilkins Company, Baltimore, Maryland. 434 pages, 71 illustrations, 34 tables. Price \$5.00.

² Italics not in original.

³ P. 3.

tific persons who were not concerned with fine distinctions.⁴ The question is not "What *is* green, and what *is* blue?" but, at best, "What shall we agree to *call* green, and blue?"⁵ "The truth is, of course, that we may define 'animals' and 'plants' any way we please—as for instance by reserving the term plant for an organism possessing cellulose—but whether such definition is 'correct' or 'satisfactory' is not a question of biological fact, it is a question of expediency." "What difference does it make whether *we call* volvox a plant or an animal? Whether it *is* a plant or an animal is merely a matter of definition, not a question of biological fact."⁶ He discusses the definition of life and quotes the ordinary dictionary definition as "the state of living" and Claude Bernard's definition as "the sum total of the phenomena common to all living beings," and compares them to Sidney Smith's definition of an Archdeacon as "a person who performs archidiaconal functions."⁷ He does not attempt the definition, but is inclined to take the position of Sir William Bayliss. "If asked to define *life* I should be inclined to do as Poincaré, the mathematician did, as related by Claude Bernard: 'If anyone asked me to define *time*, I should reply: Do you know what it is that you speak of? If he said yes, I should say, very well, let us talk about it. If he said no, I should say, very well, let us talk about something else.'"⁸ In this same connection he counsels conservatism in the coining and use of such phrases as vital force, and nerve energy, and cautions against the practice of the biologists who, because they have named a vital force, a nerve energy, a mental energy, "entertain the pious hope that in due time they may discover these 'things.'"⁹ He thinks there is something radically wrong with such terms because forces and energy are magnitudes and "to define a magnitude and to say how it is measured are one and the same thing." "But who has ever told us how to measure vital force and such like?"⁹ That he is openminded about such attempts and appreciates the possibility of unknown factors in such analogies appears later in his discussion of the energy relations of consciousness (Chapter XXXII) in which he considers the possible inaccuracy

⁴ P. 4.

⁵ P. 5.

⁶ P. 6.

⁷ P. 8.

⁸ P. 19.

⁹ P. 13.

of the laws of dynamics¹⁰ and the possible influence of factors eliminated from the equations of dynamics—our desires and purposes.¹¹

The enormous importance of a consideration of fundamental postulates, of definitions, of the way we come to see things by considering our own nature and its modifying influence is well illustrated by his comment on the relative simplicity of chemical systems as contrasted with the structurally complex organic systems. He says: "The reason for the simplicity is to be found in ourselves. It is not a physical phenomenon of the thing observed, but a psychological phenomenon in the observer."¹²

The comprehensiveness of the author's approach to biology by his physical route is indicated in a quotation from Bunge with which he heads his second chapter—Evolution Defined: "Nature must be considered as a whole if she is to be understood in detail." In this chapter he comes to the following definition of evolution: *Evolution is the history of a system undergoing irreversible changes.*¹³ The scope of this definition will be understood better if it is remembered that he is primarily engaged in the study of life-bearing systems as a whole: That he understands by evolution of a life-bearing system that it includes both organism and environment: "It is not so much the organism or the species that evolves, but the entire system, species and environment. The two are inseparable,"¹⁴ and that life, as Sala puts it, is to be considered as "a system of relations rather than a positive and independent existence."¹⁵

A very practically important aspect of man's environment consists of those elements that are of immediate necessity for his very existence such as his food, and more indirectly, the various domesticated animals that are useful to him in various ways not only as food, but for work or for supplying some needful product such as leather. We have thus to consider various networks or chains of interrelated species¹⁶ as related to man, such as cattle, grass, clover, corn, leather, fertilizer. As food we have the interspecies relations¹⁷

¹⁰ P. 406 sqq.

¹¹ P. 408 sq.

¹² P. 14.

¹³ P. 24.

¹⁴ P. 16 f. n.

¹⁵ P. 77.

¹⁶ Pp. 136-7.

¹⁷ Chap. XIV, p. 171.

providing primary, secondary and tertiary food thus: the *zostera* (eelgrass) of the ocean provides food, not only for certain useless animals considered from this point of view, but to numbers of useful animals that constitute part of the chain that leads to man, namely: starfish, gastropods and crustaceans which in turn are eaten by fish such as the cod and it in turn is eaten by man. The perfectly stupendous loss of foodstuff on the way from the eelgrass to man is evident as is also the complicated predatory interrelations of these various forms of life among themselves, all of which suggests that a more intensive development of aquiculture will be one of the phenomena of a gradual waning of existing sources of food. Shakespeare rather gruesomely expresses these interrelations by saying: "We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots."

I cannot refrain in passing from noting what appears to me to be quite possibly very significant for a full understanding of the body fluids, particularly the blood. Henderson has said that there "are at least strong indications that the fluids of the highest animals are really descended from sea water"¹⁸ for which statement the comparative composition of blood and sea water¹⁹ gives strong confirmatory evidence.

From the point of view developed in regard to food chains he discusses other aspects of man's environment as cycles in the transference of matter through different structures to and from man. Thus he discusses the water cycle, the organic carbon cycle, the nitrogen cycle, the phosphorus cycle, all in a highly illuminating way to bring out the various aspects of interdependence. "The life contest, then, is primarily a competition for available energy."²⁰

It is when he comes to the discussion of consciousness that his material becomes of immediate interest. Here his attitude is exceedingly broad for not only does he attribute consciousness to all living matter, but he is even inclined to go further and say that it is impossible to conclude that nonliving matter lacks it²¹ and he is convinced of the soundness of the attempt to establish relations between consciousness and other phenomena.²² While it is true that if we assign consciousness to nonliving matter it must be so radically

¹⁸ P. 17 f. n.

¹⁹ Pp. 201-2.

²⁰ P. 355.

²¹ P. 390.

²² P. 389.

different from our own as to transcend our powers of imagination so too must a consciousness attributed to the simpler forms of life such as an amoeba, yes and even to higher types such as a flea or a dog.²³ "When we say that a soap bubble, for example, *tends* to contract under surface tension, or perhaps when we use even less guarded language and say that it is *trying* to contract, our terms are commonly thought reprehensible as being more picturesque than scientific. Yet we ought to be prepared for the conception that the straining of the bubble to contract may not be so fundamentally different a thing from the straining of an amoeba to engulf a food particle, or the straining of a Newton to assimilate a new conception or to solve a problem in philosophy. The two phenomena may be far separated, indeed, upon the scale of evolution, yet they may be two rungs upon the same scale."²⁴

It is obvious from this quotation that the author is not afraid to carry the analogies in any direction that will lead to useful thinking nor afraid to abide by the results and assign consciousness, as a certain type of reaction, to any situation, and to ascribe consciousness to that reaction no matter whether the matter involved be living or not. He says²⁵ of the functions of science: "All that falls within its mission is to observe phenomena and to describe them and the *relations between them*." It is this function of describing the relations between phenomena that is fundamental and in this sense only does science explain by making comprehensible. He says:²⁶ "But who should say that the attempt to *establish relations* between consciousness and other phenomena is philosophically unsound?" and adds: "Quite the contrary, the study of the relations between consciousness and other phenomena is not only legitimate, but altogether alluring and full of promise."

Consciousness then must be expressed in terms of relation. The self is then but a sort of reference frame, or a set of such frames, of coördinates.²⁷ "The thing that counts, in the depiction of the world in *me*, is the position of my *reference frame* relative to the external world."²⁸

This broad concept of consciousness, which is as far as possible

²³ P. 390.

²⁴ P. 393.

²⁵ P. 389.

²⁶ P. 389.

²⁷ P. 373.

²⁸ P. 374.

from the older formulations which accredited it to man alone and which of necessity implied that it was a sort of something that was acquired at a definite period in the natural order as if by a process of grafting, sees in its phenomena a certain type of reaction which allies it with the cosmos and gives it a placement, an orientation similar to other natural phenomena. It recognizes its evolution and the fact that its origin must have been back in simpler and ever simpler states until by implication again its roots must be traceable into the very fundamental nature of things and so allied, not only with all life but with all things. And yet the author is not suffering from the delusion that he has solved the problem of consciousness, but recognizes the possibility "that the equations of dynamics, however perfectly they may picture the course of certain physical events, may fail entirely to reveal or to give expression to an underlying agency that may, in fact, be of fundamental significance. The interference of consciousness in mechanics may be very real, and yet the course of events may *appear* fully determined by the laws of dynamics."²⁹ He recognizes fully the fact that these various hypotheses may have a certain flavor of anthropomorphism, but wonders whether some sort of anthropomorphism "may not, after all, be in some sense legitimate."³⁰

Man becomes, then, not a separate creature that stands outside of nature and looks on or even interferes, he is part and parcel of the cosmos and as well of all the other selves. He says: "Any attempt to establish boundaries between the self and the external world, or, for the matter of that, between two selves, is not only useless but meaningless."³¹ We are thus prepared for the overlapping of egos in fields that are common to them as is well illustrated in his discussion of artificial receptors³² (microscopes, telephones) and artificial effectors³³ (means of locomotion—the auto, the railway). This interpenetration of egos becomes of great significance because, "with the conflict against other species relegated to the background, man's combat with his own kind has been forced to the center of the stage."³⁴

I cannot refrain from interpolating at this point what seems

²⁹ P. 409.

³⁰ P. 393.

³¹ P. 374.

³² P. 364.

³³ P. 367.

³⁴ P. 417.

to me of the utmost significance in this matter of the conflict of man with man and his constant attempts to define what is most desirable to perpetuate and his efforts to that end. Keyser says that we have "estranged and objectified the world, and lost the sense that we are of it." The author adds:³⁵ "It is as if evolution had overshot the mark, as if the race must in some degree retrace its step, and regain something of that impersonal consciousness that now seems to be only the occasional property of a few, who, like Wordsworth, are at times 'unable to think of external things as having external existence, and who commune with all that they see as something not apart from, but inherent in their own immaterial nature.' Perhaps this transfiguration cannot be achieved, but by the race passing through some great cataclysm, out of which a remnant may evolve toward a higher goal. It is a familiar fact in geology that the species which pass on the stock to later eras of evolution are commonly not the main branches nor the most highly developed members of the evolutionary tree. So, also, it may not be the descendants of the now dominant divisions of our species that shall carry on the torch to light the new era, when 'the world shall no longer be beheld as an alien thing, beheld by eyes that are not its own.'³⁶ But this uncertainty cannot be allowed to deter us in such efforts as we may see fit to make to further by our own initiative the progress of the species, according to our best lights."

This comprehensive view of man as a life-bearing system related directly and indirectly, immediately and remotely with his kind, with all animate creation, with the inorganic constituents of the earth, with the cosmos, is refreshing in these days when so many social movements discuss him as if he still occupied the place outside the natural order of events, to which he assigned himself in the Middle Ages and to which he still tends to assign himself, and as if, from this vantage ground he possessed the power to dip into and interfere with the natural and law-controlled order of events and even to control them. Two quotations along these lines show the author to possess that quality of imagination without which science is a dry and unstimulating occupation. He says:³⁷ "For the drama of life is like a puppet show in which stage, scenery, actors and all are made of the same stuff. The players, indeed, 'have their

³⁵ P. 426.

³⁶ C. J. Keyser. *The Human Worth of Rigorous Thinking*, 1916, p. 126.

³⁷ P. 183 sq.

exits and their entrances,' but the exit is by way of translation into the substance of the stage; and each entrance is a transformation scene. So stage and players are bound together in the close partnership of an intimate comedy; and if we would catch the spirit of the piece, our attention must not all be absorbed in the characters alone, but must be extended also to the scene, of which they are born, on which they play their part, and with which, in a little while, they merge again." And,³⁸ "Since we are of earth, ours also is the same origin. The hand that writes these words and the eye that reads them alike are composed of the selfsame atoms that came into being, ages and ages ago, in the young sun. Far, far more wonderful than any dream of old mythology is the story of our creation. Thus was the birth of man prepared in the grey dawn of time; thus the metal of his frame compounded in the flaming furnace of a star."

³⁸ P. 272 sq.

SOCIETY PROCEEDINGS

THE AMERICAN PSYCHOANALYTIC ASSOCIATION

The midyear meeting of The American Psychoanalytic Association was held on the 28th of December, 1924, at the Fraternity Club House, New York City. Afternoon and evening sessions were held, both well attended by members and guests.

Members present were: Drs. Ames, Asch, Brill, Jelliffe, Kempf, Oberndorf, Stern, Kardiner, Meyer, Glueck, Polon, and Stragnell, of New York; Burrow and Chapman, of Baltimore; Choriatic and Peck, of Boston; Hamill, of Chicago; Smeltz and Wholey, of Pittsburgh; Menninger, of Topeka; Hutchings, of Utica State Hospital, New York. Dr. I. H. Coriat presided.

After the opening address by the president, the following papers were read in the afternoon session:

1. *An Organismic Interpretation of Consciousness.* DR. TRIGANT BURROW, of Baltimore.
2. *Varieties of Repression.* DR. H. S. SULLIVAN, of Baltimore.
3. *Recent Advances in Psychotherapy.* DR. A. POLON, of New York.

At the evening session were read the following papers:

1. *Psychoanalysis in Art.* DR. GREGORY STRAGNELL, of New York.
2. *The Transference.* DR. RALPH HAMILL, of Chicago.
3. *What Is a Cure in Psychoanalysis?* DR. BERNARD GLUECK, of New York.

An active and interesting discussion, partaken of by a majority of the members present, followed the reading of the papers.

ADOLPH STERN, Secy.

Introductory Remarks of the President.—This is the second of the midyear meetings of the American Psychoanalytic Association. A similar midyear meeting last year was so successful that it was thought expedient to repeat it, and it is hoped that the members will join freely in the discussion of the various papers. So rapid has been the progress of psychoanalysis in both its individual and societal aspects, that one meeting a year no longer seems sufficient to cover the annual progress.

Those of us who have been interested in psychoanalysis from its beginning and have watched its development and grown along with it, who have gradually accepted it as the most advanced and logical psychotherapeutic method yet devised for the neuroses, emphasizing as it does the unconscious material rather than the mere cataloguing of symptoms,

feel, I am sure, that the various shifts of interest in developmental progress have made necessary more than one meeting a year of the American Psychoanalytic Association.

The center of theoretical and practical interest in psychoanalysis to-day is not confined to the unearthing of repressed material, as it was in the past, but concerns itself more with the analysis of the ego and the ego-ideal in its various allo-erotic manifestations, and the study of the unconscious components of the subtle and ever shifting transference manifestations in both its positive and negative aspects. We must be prepared to handle this human material as it actually presents itself to us in our practical analytic work and not allow ourselves to become intoxicated with technical terminology, for to do this, to be content with terminology alone would force the analytic work and material into an artificial category and codification and leave us superficially satisfied with a mere labelling of certain manifestations. This procedure is fraught with danger, for instead of providing the actual material for study and therapy it furnishes merely an outlet for the analyst's fantasies and reinforces his feeling of narcissism and omnipotent thinking.

An Organismic Interpretation of Consciousness.—This paper takes the position that psychopathologists have left out of account an instinct that is as inalienable to the organism of man regarded racially as the instinct of sex is inalienable to man's organism regarded individually. Primitive tribes of man survived by reason of a concerted coördination of function among the elements composing such organizations. Species of smaller birds meet the attacks of larger birds of prey with a united concentration that renders them functionally one concerted organism. So the early tribes of men constituted in their unitary homogeneous cohesion a single multicellular organism.

This original principle uniting our early tribal organisms has been interrupted. An artificial principle has been substituted in its place, a principle which posits self-interest, social as well as individual, as the central motive of human life. The result is a division or neurosis within the consciousness of man as a whole that parallels the neurosis or division underlying the conflict existing within individual men. It is not possible to discount this cohesive societal factor in the life of man. There is, in sum, a phylogenetic aspect of consciousness of which we have not taken practical account in our exclusive concentration upon the ontogenetic bearing of neurotic disharmonies.

This organic instinct here posited must not be confused with the herd instinct cited by Trotter and others. It is true that the instinct of the herd embodies a collective massing of individuals toward a common purpose. But the incitement of the herd instinct is invariably a resort in the

interest of the individual. It is a secondary reaction of a collection of individuals aimed at the self-protection of the constituent individuals severally. Man's societal instinct, on the other hand, is a prior condition and posits an original continuity of function among the elements composing a species. This instinct is not dependent for its function upon the herd or group, but functions equally in the integral solidarity of the single individual.

It is my position that the stress of civilization has unconsciously stimulated us as a people to the repression or elimination of this societal instinct. If this is true, the student of mental and social conditions can no more blind himself to the existence of man's organismic needs as a societal unit than to his organic needs as a single individual. If insanity, sex aberration, and crime are but superficial symptoms of a more deep-seated pathology within the system of man, the psychopathologist must needs reckon with these societal factors as they pertain to the instinctive life of the race. Further, if it can be shown that the integrity of individual personality is closely bound up with the integrity of man's personality as a race, if it may be shown that there is no healthful expression of the instinct of sex in the absence of a healthful inclusion of the instinct of man's societal life, we shall have to reckon anew with the significance of these individual aberrations within our social life.

This position is not based upon mere abstract theory. It is supported by the test of actual experiments, covering a period of four years, in the analysis of groups or of social clusters whose reactions have been studied in the light of their societal urge as well as of their individual trends. The writer feels that unless our individual method of analysis is supplemented by a method that takes reckoning of social reactions, psychoanalysis is omitting to study an instinct that is no more separable from the health of the organism than is the instinct of sex.

Varieties of Repression.—Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan, of Baltimore, presented a paper on "Repression," in which the point was made that this conception was in need of close scrutiny; that, too, much was taken for granted about it. The theory of mind structure and function which has been developed in his study of schizophrenic conditions makes regression a much more important dynamism in accounting for inaccessibility of certain mental processes to awareness. To determine the general applicability of this notion, attention has been given to some cases of "psychopathic personality." Two records were presented in some detail: one, a patient who eventually developed a schizophrenic dissociation; and another, who has made a more stable adaptation following therapeutic endeavor. In both, the activity of a "censor" is not evidenced, but the regressive changes in mental structure and the resulting appearance of an

immature type of function is easily inferred. It seems, therefore, from these and other cases studied, that the related factors in the schizophrenia theory are generally applicable.

The paper was discussed by Dr. Polon and by the President, Dr. Coriat. The former inquired as to the potency of early fixations of libido, and expressed consonance with the author's experience as to the nature and therapeutic possibilities in causes of perversions. Dr. Coriat remarked upon his experience with several cases of somnambulism which seemed to have connection with the author's views. Dr. Sullivan replied to the effect that he believed the notion of infantile fixation a good one in considering etiology for regressions, but not of importance in determining the depth to which the process may go. He reiterated his view that the perversions were not the converse of neuroses, and agreed with Dr. Polon that they could be attacked on analytical and synthetic lines when the biological situation of the individual justified effort. Somnambulistic activity, to him, must be divided into that of the "waking conscious" type and that of the "dream conscious" type—the latter is the bridge from the normal to the frankly psychotic.

ABSTRACTS

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ABSTRACTED BY LEONARD BLUMGART, M.D.
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1. Autistic Thinking. PROF. DR. E. BLEULER.
2. Contributions to the Psychology of the Love Life. PROF. DR. SIG-
MOND FREUD.
3. Multiple Meanings in Dreams During Awakening and Their
Occurrence in Mythological Thinking. DR. OTTO RANK.
4. Psychological Analysis of a Case of Paranoia. SCH. GREBELSKAJA.
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6. Manifestations and Symbols of the Unconscious. DR. C. G. JUNG.
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12. Forel's Position Towards Psycho-Analysis. PROF. E. BLEULER.
13. Concerning the Function of the Dream. DR. A. MAEDER.
14. The Problem of Spermatozoa Dreams. HERBERT SILBERER.
15. A Criticism. GASTON ROSENSTEIN.
16. A Call to Principles. HERBERT SILBERER.

Autistic Thinking. One of the most significant symptoms in schizophrenia is an active withdrawing of the patient from the external world into his inner life. Bleuler has termed this symptom "autism." He finds its mechanism used in dreams, the day-dreams of hysterical and normal being, in mythology, superstition, and similar spheres where thoughts turn away from reality.

Autistic illusions appear at first to be nonsensical and illogical. Closer examination, however, reveals them as understandable manifestations of an underlying complex; the fulfillment of a repressed wish. This mechanism removes all obstacles to the realization of a wish and impossibility becomes reality.

Affectivity plays a predominating rôle in directing the course of autistic thinking. No sharp distinction can be made between autistic and ordinary thinking, since in the latter, thoughts tend to run in autistic, *i.e.*, affective channels. Man is prone to believe that which he wishes to be true.

Autistic thinking on the whole is a search for pleasure and a means of avoiding pain and is governed by two principles:

1. Every affect attempts to continue itself; lends exaggerated logical force to those concepts which are in harmony and to check those in opposition to it.

2. We tend to acquire and retain pleasurable toned concepts. Painful concepts as well as painful experiences are repulsed by repression. Although every concept that is strongly charged with affect is *ceteris paribus* thus made more easily remembered and conscious, many painfully toned concepts because they are painful are repressed through the action of this second mechanism.

Freud has touched only upon the latter of these principles. Bleuler points out that affects work on the same principle as the pleasure mechanism. Depression can bring about phantastic feelings of worthlessness just as euphoria can result in delusions of grandeur.

Autistic thinking, responding to an inner stimulus, takes no account of reality, except as it offers material for its affects. Free from the demands of logic it allows all the conflicting tendencies and desires in a human being to come to consciousness. In this manner erotic desires and all other wishes impossible of fulfillment are brought to light and apparently fulfilled. In realistic thinking one idea represses all others or at least takes a dominant place; not so in autistic thinking. Here all impulses express themselves and in the one idea. This mechanism permits the dream picture to represent several different complexes. Thus we have the process termed by Freud "overdetermination."

A second consequence of ignoring reality is that logic operates only as it is needed to grant the unfulfilled wish. The same patient can look upon himself as man or woman, can be the son, husband, and father of his mother and, finally, identify himself with her. A woman can imagine herself the wife of her beloved and God at the same time. The symbolic meaning of such wishes is quite clear.

It is remarkable to note how far autistic thinking can depart from time relationships. The past, present and future are ruthlessly mingled, according to inner demands.

Thus far Bleuler has considered autistic thinking as the result of affectivity. There are instances in which such mechanisms may result from purely intellectual motives. But he is not yet prepared to discuss that phase of the subject.

Autistic thinking may, in its relation to reality be divided into two

classes and these grade into each other: first, well established concepts can be dissociated and reconstructed in arbitrary fashion; second, they can remain as they are. The autism of the normal person (when awake) is closely bound up with reality. Only in mythology is reality handled in the first fashion. On the other hand, dreams and the expressed autisms of schizophrenics are entirely independent of reality. Moreover, the conceptions which they present change from moment to moment. Therefore, dreams and schizophrenic illusions may become unintelligible while the autistic products of the normal mind are easily understood.

The fantasy conceptions resulting from organic mental diseases are of a special nature. They exhibit an excess of affectivity resulting in either wild delusions of grandeur or feelings of utter worthlessness. Usually in these cases the patient's concepts do not disintegrate. There is no splitting of his personality and he is not shut in. Such instances, therefore, seldom show true autism.

In idiocy autism does not play a great rôle. We have here the same variations as in normals but on a lower intellectual level.

Bleuler cannot go into a discussion of the conditions in epilepsy because of his limited experience with that disease.

Autistic thoughts range from fleeting episodes of a few seconds' duration to those in schizophrenics where they remain for a lifetime and completely withdraw the subject from reality. There are all grades between these two extremes. The boundaries between the real and the imaginary world often cannot be recognized. In the autism of normal behavior the subject can, however, distinguish between reality and the imaginary situation.

There are grades of autistic thinking in which a train of autistic thoughts, real concepts and associations, can appear in different numerical relation. Pure autistic thinking in which the concepts are built out of autistic thinking alone with no relation to the rules of logic does not exist.

Hysterical subjects can at times believe in their own fairy tales without being in a dream state but they are able to separate reality from autistic concepts. The true poet does the same thing. He expresses his affective needs more or less consciously in an art product. The play activity of children is often a mixture of autism in the same way as that of the artist. A few rags to a little girl are a child. The boy upon his hobby horse expresses his power and fighting instincts this way and both the child and poet attach more reality to their fancies than one is inclined to believe. The rags are really loved by the little girl and many poets and authors have wept when it became necessary to kill off their heroines. In the normal individual autism and autistic thinking are more clearly manifested in his dreams at night.

The reality which man can ascribe to mythology is remarkable. Even

when thoughts from the standpoint of logic are complete nonsense, the mass of people believes them real. Many enlightened souls have even placed this reality above that of the outer world when there was conflict between them.

Autistic withdrawing from reality is often an active process: in sleep, where it is most apparent, it is effected through the sleep mechanism itself; while in schizophrenia and hysteria it is part of the autistic mechanism. The schizophrenic not only wishes to think that which he desires but he deliberately turns away from reality which angers or irritates him.

Autistic thinking is in many respects the opposite of real thinking: Realistic thinking represents reality. Autistic thinking represents that which affectively calls up, usually something pleasurable. Realistic thinking has for its object a true knowledge of the environment. Autism seeks to bring forth emotionally toned conceptions, usually pleasurable ones and banishes those accompanied by an opposing affect. Realistic mechanisms regulate the relations to the environment. Autistic mechanisms create pleasure by bringing forth pleasurable conceptions and repressing painful impressions. The existing methods of fulfilling one's needs, therefore, are the autistic and realistic. The person who satisfies his desires by means of fantasy has little need or strength for real action. If he is entirely dominated by autistic thinking, he appears to the external world as apathetic or even stuporous. The opposition between these two mechanisms is apparent from the fact that the supremacy of one results in an inhibition of the other. If logical thought is for some reason weakened, then autism gains the upper hand relatively or absolutely. Such instances may be divided into four groups:

1. The child lacking the experience necessary to use logical forms of thought and the possibilities of the external world, falls an easy prey to autism if it possesses the ability for fantasy.

2. In such subjects where our knowledge or powers of logic are insufficient, or where affectivity determines belief, logic gives way to autistic thinking as for instance in religion, love, ultimate causes and our attitude toward life.

3. If for any reason emotions achieve a value that does not belong to them, logic relatively disappears. Such is the case in strong affects and in neurotic dispositions.

4. Whenever the associations between ideas are loosened as in normal dreams and in schizophrenia, they lose their significance.

The sex instinct bears a special relation to autism. There are masturbators, schizophrenics, and neurotics whose only satisfaction lies in physical and psychic autoerotism. All other instincts need the environment for their satisfaction. Hunger must in the long run have food; no dream meal can satisfy. This possibility of gratifying sex by

autistic means for a long period of time taken together with the fact that the sex drive is the strongest impulse in civilized man is probably the explanation of the predominance of sexual complexes in the autistic thinking of pathological cases.

In certain respects these two thought processes, namely, autistic and realistic thinking, supplement each other: when reality does not fulfill our wishes then autism represents them as accomplished. Of necessity socially living man has had to construct an ethics with its concepts of justice and with its reward of virtue and its punishment of sin. But in nature, in fate, in everything that is not subject to our control we see nothing of this justice. The gap is filled by religion which punishes, rewards according to our ideas, but in the future where realistic thinking does not reach. Man's fear of death is also appeased by religious conceptions. Our desire for an understanding of the causes of phenomena is fulfilled through mythological explanations.

According to Freud, autistic thinking is so very closely allied to the unconscious that it is difficult to differentiate the two. Bleuler points out that autistic thinking may be conscious as well as unconscious. Autistic thinking, however is usually unconscious while realistic is usually conscious.

Autistic thinking does not always attain its end for sometimes it contains within itself contradictions. Many of our most emotionally toned concepts are ambivalent (*i.e.*, accompanied at the same time by negative and positive feelings). That which we desire often has its unpleasant side. Certain wishes as for instance, the death wish of a wife towards a cruel husband can arouse strong negative feelings which upon being repressed can manifest themselves through fear and other symptoms of mental disease. The worst of these seem to be conflicts of convenience. The origin of these tortured consciences are often unknown to the patient since they were formed in the unconscious. Just as an injustice done by us in reality can produce remorse and self-reproach, just so can an imagined one which was fulfilled by autistic thinking and the imagined sins are so much worse since they are not accessible to logic. Reality, though ignored, can still make itself felt. Those painful impressions which autism seeks to banish from consciousness tend to reappear at another time in disguised form. Under biological conditions, the nature of the impediments must be transformed by autistic thinking but cannot be completely ignored. While on the one hand autism through the fulfillment of wishes brings expansive hallucinations, it leads on the other to delusions of persecution when external reality as a disturber of pleasure is transformed by autistic thinking.

Sometimes autistic thinking, in fulfilling a wish, creates a symptom complex which we call a mental disease. The illness thereupon becomes a means of escaping from reality.

The various conflicts that result in autism are the foundations out of which the delusion of persecution grows. This delusion has very many roots, and we are not in a position to make general rules concerning its various origins or the particular predisposing factors. Delusions of persecution arise when a real or autistic striving meets with opposition. Bleuler gives many examples of this.

The thoroughly autistic individual cannot always fully satisfy his needs for he may lack the ability to create pleasurable reactions. Furthermore, bodily needs at best can only be temporarily satisfied through hallucinatory means. And finally, since in real life human beings are never thoroughly satisfied with that which they have sought to attain, we cannot expect that they will achieve complete satisfaction in fantasy. These facts make it clear why schizophrenics, in spite of extended hallucinatory fulfillments of their wishes, so often become victims to delusions of persecution in which the beloved one is usually the persecutor.

Even in the daily life of normal beings autistic thinking is a power whose importance is difficult to overestimate. Although our day dreams may seem to be innocent play of the mind, they are not without their influence upon our actions. In the form of illusions they make life more beautiful and bearable even though at the same time more dangerous.

All true art has its roots in autism. Religion is an autistic creation. Politics among the masses and often among the leaders is largely a matter of suggestive and autistic mechanisms. Theater-going is a means of seeking relief from one's troubles by fantasy.

Autistic thinking naturally does a good deal of damage to normal individuals. Bleuler cites the crusades and thirty years' war as evidences of this (and the abstractor has no doubt that if the article had been written after the great war, Bleuler would have included that among the manifestations of autistic thinking in the human race).

Since realistic thinking, the "fonction du reel" is more easily disturbed in sickness than is autistic thinking, the French psychologists, under the leadership of Janet consider the "fonction du reel" as the highest, most complicated of our mental processes. Freud takes an unequivocal stand and states that his pleasure-principle in evolution is the primary mechanism in the development of man. Bleuler holds the opposite view. He cannot agree with the Freudian theory that the sucking child fulfills his needs in hallucinatory fashion. He is of the opinion that the child and the imbecile, like ordinary humans, resort to autistic thinking only in matters beyond the limit of their comprehension. Moreover, autistic thinking must be secondary to the realistic, since memories of reality are necessary for it. Animal psychology shows that they possess only the "fonction du reel" with the exception of the most intelligent animals. This contradiction Bleuler solves by saying that the autistic function is

not as primitive as the simplest forms of the "fonction du reel," but in a certain sense it is more primitive than the highest forms of the latter as we find them developed in human beings. The lower animals possess only the "fonction du reel." No mind can think in an entirely autistic manner. At a certain phase of development the autistic function appears and from that time on develops with the realistic.

In the phylogenetic development certain stages can be formulated although they have no definite boundaries:

1. The comprehension of a simple external situation and a behavior response to it, such as reaching for food, fleeing from an enemy, etc. Such actions are little more than reflexes, which can become differentiated and complicated. They may be accompanied by sensations of pleasure and pain, but affectivity does not play a special rôle here.

2. Memories are formed from these actions and used by later functions, but only in response to external stimuli in the exercise of realistic functions.

3. Later more complicated and more sharply defined conceptions are created, more independent of external influences.

4. Without any stimulus from the outer world but merely on the basis of previous experience, concepts are formed into logical functions, interpreting the unknown by the known, the future by the past. Thus there results coherent thought made up exclusively of memory pictures, bearing no relation to external sense stimuli and external needs.

The autistic function enters here for the first time. Pleasure-toned concepts can produce wishes and satisfactory fantastic fulfillment of them by the banishment of the unpleasant aspect of things and the substitute for them of one's own pleasurable inventions. Thus the fantasy function cannot be more primitive than the commencement of true thought and must develop parallel with this process. The more complicated and differentiated logical thought becomes, the greater its adaptability to reality and, in consequence, the possibility of freedom from the influence of emotionally toned engrammes of the past and of emotionally toned conceptions that concern the future is heightened. The great number of combinations of thought make possible unending combinations of fantasy, while the existence of countless emotionally toned memories of the past and equally affective conceptions concerning the future inspire fantasy. With their development the differences between these two methods of thinking become sharper. The result is two opposing processes which cause even greater conflicts.

An individual in whom these two extremes are not balanced, becomes either a dreamer who no longer reckons with reality or a person who lives only for the present and cannot conceive of the future.

In spite of this parallelism there are many reasons why realistic

thinking appears the more developed and why a general disturbance of the psyche affects the real function so much more strongly.

Real thinking is not congenital, is not inherited, but develops through living. Such a function is infinitely more easily disturbed than those having their origin in the organism.

On the other hand, autistic mechanisms are born in us. Affects and impulses from the very beginning have the same influence on our thoughts as autistic thinking. They modify thinking in accordance with their own ends. Long before the end of his first year the child experiences complicated affective reactions. Without understanding words, he responds in kind to the expression of emotion in another. Lying in young children is an affective reaction. The child who denies a wrongdoing is following an instinct to act in such a way as to avoid painful consequences.

The inborn nature of the autistic form of thinking is manifest in symbolism. This symbolism is remarkably uniform from person to person, race to race, century to century, in dream and psychosis and mythology. A limited number of patterns are the material which form the structure of many hundred sagas. The same complexes seemingly give rise to multitudinous myths and even the form of their expression is the same; the myths in which the bird, ship or basket brings children into the world and by which the dead are transported to their mysterious common home; the wicked (step)mother, etc., reappear again and again with the same meaning. Symbols derived from long forgotten religions reappear in schizophrenic delusions. The uniformity of autistic thinking has long been observed in the psychopathology of insanity. In such cases affects determine the association of certain symbols with certain ideas.

Autistic thinking implies certain knowledge, *i.e.*, to dream that one is a prince one must be acquainted with facts concerning princes. A little knowledge aids in creating fantasy; too much leads to consideration of the improbable factors and therefore hinders fantasizing.

How is it, asks Bleuler, that autistic thinking which appears to be a harmful mental aberration, is so powerful among normals in the waking state? We must remember that that which is pleasurable is on the whole advantageous to the individual; that which is painful, injurious. Therefore, the principle upon which the existence of animal nature and the organization of its psyche depends, cannot be suddenly suspended because danger enters in with the employment of a new principle. The higher organism must overcome this danger or be destroyed. Normal beings are enabled to check the growth of autism. To a certain extent autism is easily reckoned with; too great a degree of it is dangerous. The limit between moderation and excess is difficult to determine; while the deleterious forms of autism can never be entirely overcome. Even the most intelligent cultured person is not always able to distinguish between

realistic and imaginative thinking. Many things which in former days were considered impossible have become reality. The temperate drinker looks upon the achievement of abstinence as utopian; the abstainer considers the achievement of real moderation as utopian.

Autism has a positive worth. Anticipated pleasure leads to preparation for an undertaking and summons the energy necessary for action. Animals possessing but rudimentary mental processes, exhibit little perseverance in the pursuit of an objective. Man, however, maps out his campaign before starting, an autistic process. There doubtless have always been natures, who, satisfied with the autistic conception of the thing to be done, have not gone further and executed the real action. Such personalities—be they artists or individuals who gain pleasure from the art of others—show the harmful effect of autism. For art is profitable when it arouses life energy; it is injurious when it takes the place of action and when the esthetic urges force one to reconstruct his environment in imaginative form.

Autism is furthermore useful in forming in an individual the habit of thinking. The child, when fantasizing, calls forth all the necessary mental and emotional complexes. Of course, such processes become dangers if the subject becomes unable to distinguish illusion from reality.

Finally, a small amount of autism assists one in the accomplishment of a purpose by banishing the obstacles and hardships in the way of fulfillment and thus allows the directing of all of one's energy, undivided, toward the work in hand.

RÉSUMÉ

There is a certain kind of thinking which is independent of the rules of logic and is directed by affective needs (autistic thinking).

This process is most strongly manifest in dementia precox and in dreams, in mythology and superstition, in the day dreams of hysterical and normal beings, and in poetry.

Autistic thinking can use for its purpose thoroughly illogical material. Klang associations, chance associations of any ideas and conceptions may take the place of logical association. Incomplete conceptions, false identifications, condensations, displacements and symbols are given the value of reality and similar abnormal mental mechanisms make up part of the material used in autistic thinking. Normal material and normal thought processes are not, however, neglected but are used in addition.

Logical thought, corresponding to reality, is a mental reproduction of the relationships present in reality.

Autistic thinking is directed by impulses and by these impulses thinking is directed which lacks logic and reality. The affects at the basis of these impulses pave the way for associations in conformity with them and inhibit opposing associations.

We tend to banish not only pain that comes from without but also

that which arises through mere recall. Therefore autistic thinking results in recalling only pleasurable thoughts and in the banishing of painful ones. One of the chief activities of autism is the representation of wishes as fulfilled.

A negative mood may produce negative autistic tendencies. This occurs in cases of melancholic depression and also results when autistic conceptions conflict with reality.

In melancholic depressions autism creates depressive illusions which differ from ordinary depressing thoughts only in that they tend to become irrational.

The painful feelings arising from the conflict between autistic trains of thought and reality lead to delusions of persecution.

Autistic thinking, like logical thought, may be conscious or unconscious. In dementia precox the finished products of autism enter consciousness in the form of hallucinations, primordial delusions, delusions of memory. The working out of these concepts has taken place in the unconscious.

There exists perhaps a manner of thinking which may be termed autistic, but which has to do rather with satisfying logical needs in illogical fashion. In such a case affective motives are secondary. Examples of this type are certain elements in mythology and symbolism.

Autistic thinking is not a primary form of thought. It can develop only after the immediate reaction to an actual external situation has given place to thought composed purely of past experience.

Ordinary thinking, the "fonction du reel," is primary. No living creature endowed with a mind can dispense with it any more than he can exist without real action.

That weakening of logical thought paves the way for autism is understandable from the fact that logical thinking results from memory pictures acquired through education, whereas autistic thought follows inborn mechanisms. These mechanisms can utilize any material whatsoever.

The reason why autistic thinking plays so great a rôle and has not been lost through natural selection is that it is impossible to draw a line between realistic and autistic thinking. Moreover, pure autism is useful in developing a capacity for thinking, just as play develops bodily powers.

However, its phylogenetic significance is in many relations not yet clear, as for example, in its expansion into art.

2. *Contributions to the Psychology of the Love Life.*—If the psychoanalyst questions himself as to the ailment for which his help is most often sought, he must answer (leaving aside the protean manifestations of fear) psychic impotence. This strange disorder is found in men of strong libido, who in spite of normal organs and strong sexual desire, are unable to perform the sexual act. The patient gets his first insight

into his condition when he makes the discovery that such impotence occurs only in relation to certain persons. He fails, however, to understand the reason for this.

There have been many psychoanalytic studies of this problem. The most common cause of such impotence is an unconscious incestuous attachment to mother and sister. Other contributing causes are painful results experienced in performing infantile sexual acts and all factors that diminish the flow of libido toward the opposite sex. The basis of the disturbance is, as in probably all neuroses, an arrested development of the libido. Two currents whose union assures thoroughly normal love relations have not met in such instances. These two currents may be termed the "tender" and the "sensual."

The "tender" current is the older. It develops in earliest childhood and is founded on self-preservative interests and directed towards the child's family and attendants. From the beginning it contains sexual components, more or less apparent even in childhood, which psychoanalysis rediscovers in the analysis of neurotics. It determines the primary infantile choice of an object. Investigation teaches us that sexual impulses find their first object by depending upon the value placed on the object by the ego-instinct just as the earliest sexual satisfactions are experienced in connection with the essential bodily functions. The "tenderness" of parents and nurses, which usually shows erotic characteristics, does much to increase the erotic nature of the child's ego-instincts.

These tender attachments on the part of the child continue with an increasing erotism, which leads them away from their sexual objects. At the time of puberty the mighty "sensuous" current sets in, which no longer mistakes its objects. But in using the old tender attachments it directs a far stronger amount of libido towards the objects of the primitive infantile choice. However, an obstacle (incest barrier) in the way of fulfillment causes the libido to be directed toward objects other than those of its infantile choice through whom sexual satisfaction can be gained. But these new objects are chosen on the pattern of the infantile ones. In time they are regarded with the tenderness formerly directed towards those earlier objects. Man leaves his father and mother and follows his wife. "Tender" and "sensual" love are then united. The most intense grades of sensual love will be accompanied by the highest psychic evaluation, viz., the normal overvaluation of the sensual object on the part of the man.

There are two factors in this developmental process which determine whether or not love will attain its full development. The first is the measure of denied satisfaction that is experienced through this choice of a new object. The second is the amount of attraction which the infantile object exerts, and which is proportional to the erotic content

of the attachment towards that object. If these two factors are strong enough, then the mechanism necessary for the creation of a neurosis is set up. The libido turns away from reality, is given over to the process of elaboration by fantasy (introversion). This strengthens the images of the first sexual objects and attaches the libido to these. The incest barrier in the way of fulfillment, however, forces these objects to remain in the unconscious. Masturbation, the outward manifestation of this situation, serves merely to strengthen it. It makes no difference if fulfillment is in fantasy or if the fantasies leading to satisfaction through masturbation replace the original sex object with a new one. Through this means of compensation the fantasies are capable of becoming conscious, but no progress is made in the real disposition of the libido.

Thus it may happen that the whole sensuality of a young person is bound up in the unconscious with incestuous objects. The result then is an absolute impotence which may be insured by an acquired weakening of the sexual organs.

Less intense conditions can produce the usual and so-called psychic impotence. To this end it is not necessary that the sensual impulses be entirely disguised beneath the tender ones. They must have remained strong and unchecked enough to find a partial outlet into reality. In such cases, however, sexual activity shows the lack of a strong psychic impulse. It is variable, easily disturbed, clumsy in execution and unsatisfying. Since in such a case the sexual impulses are concerned with evading the tender ones, the choice of an object is limited to such persons as bear no resemblance to forbidden incestuous objects. The prizing of an object leads, not to sensual desire but to erotically inactive tenderness. The love life of such persons is divided, to speak in terms of art, between heavenly and earthly (or animal) love. Where they love, they feel no desire; where they desire, they cannot love. They seek objects that they will have no need to love, in order to keep sensual desire away from the real objects of their love. Psychic impotence then occurs as part of the manifestations of a complex in the return of repressed material. Some feature of the object recalls the forbidden incestuous object.

The chief means of protection against such an occurrence lies in psychic debasement of the sensual object, while the overvaluation normally directed towards the sensual object is reserved for the incestuous object or its tender substitute. If the depreciation of the sex object is fulfilled then sensuality has free rein. Another factor contributes to this end. Persons in whom the tender and the sensual currents are not properly fused have as a rule a rather crude sensual life, oftentimes perverted, which can be fulfilled only by means of debased sensual objects.

The fantasies of the boy who in imagination regards his mother as a prostitute are now easily comprehended. His fantasy was an endeavor

to bridge the gap between the two currents of his love-life by belittling his mother and so making her a possible object for his sensual desires.

Thus far Freud has considered psychic impotence from a medico-psychological standpoint. He has reduced it to a lack of unity between the tender and the sensual impulses in the love life. This arrested development is due, in turn, to the influences of strong infantile attachments and the subsequent renunciation of objects in reality.

But these facts do not explain why certain persons are subject to psychic impotence, others not. Since childhood attachments incest barriers and renunciation of infantile objects to give satisfaction in the period following puberty are present in nearly all civilized people, one might draw the conclusion that impotence is a common condition in cultured races, not the complaint of an occasional individual.

One might refute this conclusion, says Freud, by showing whether or not one succumbs to a certain illness depending upon the quantitative factor in the causal conditions. Although he grants the correctness of this, Freud has no intention of combating the aforementioned conclusion. On the contrary, he asserts that psychic impotence is far more widespread than one would believe; that a certain degree of it characterizes the love life of the cultured races.

If one extends the term psychic impotence to include more than inability to perform coitus despite desire and normal genitals, one must include under it that class of men known as psychanesthetics. Such persons perform the sexual act without, however, deriving any satisfaction from it. Psychoanalytic investigations of such cases point to the same etiological factors as have been discovered in psychic impotence in its narrower sense, without finding an explanation for the symptomatic difference. An analogy can be traced between the anesthetic men and the countless numbers of frigid women.

If we do not seek for an understanding of the broadened meaning of the term psychic impotence but rather for its symptomatology then we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the love life of men in our present day world of culture bears the stamp of psychic impotence. In but few educated men are the tender and the sensual currents thoroughly unified. In almost every instance a man is checked in his sensual activity by his respect for woman. He reaches his greatest degree of potency only in relation to an object held in disesteem. This condition is due to the fact that his sensual desires contain perverse components which cannot be carried out in relation to a woman whom he reveres. The tendency of men in high ranks of society to select a woman of the lower classes for mistress or even wife may be merely the result of his needs for a sensual object commanding little respect, through whom full satisfaction is possible.

Paradoxical and unpleasant as it may sound, it must, however, be stated that he who would be really free and therefore happy in his love life, must have conquered his respect for woman and become reconciled to the idea of incestuous relations with mother or sister. Whoever examines himself frankly, will doubtless find that he regards the sexual act as something debasing, something more than physically unclean. The origin of this conception is to be sought in early youth when sensual desire strongly developed, was prevented from fulfilling its end through strange objects as well as through incestuous ones.

In our civilized world women are detrimentally influenced not only by their bringing up but also by the attitude of men. It is detrimental to them if either man's advances lack their full degree of potency, or whether the overvaluation which marks the first stages of falling in love is replaced by an attitude of contempt after actual possession. The need for a debasement of the sensual object is not very apparent in women. Long abstinence from sexuality and the confinement of sensual thoughts to the realm of fantasy, has other significant results in women. The association of sexual desire with its inhibition is so strong as to render women frigid even when such action is permissible. It is this association persisting that causes many women after marriage to conduct themselves in normal fashion only when a forbidden element is present, *i.e.*, in a secret love affair in which they are untrue to their husbands.

In Freud's opinion, woman's need of a forbidden element in her love life corresponds to man's need of debasement of the sensual object. Both are the results of the long postponement of sexual gratification rendered necessary by culture. Both are attempts to correct psychic impotence. The difference in behavior of the two sexes arises in part from the fact that the woman of refinement does not overstep the bounds of abstinence during the premarital period and so establishes an inward connection between that which is forbidden and sensuality. Man, on the contrary, generally breaks down the barriers of restraint by means of an inferior object and carries this condition into his later love life.

In view of the efforts that are being made to reform the sex life of man, Freud finds it necessary to remind his readers that psychoanalytic research is not in the service of any propagandist group. Psychoanalysis is interested only in facts and their relationship and is pleased when reformers use its results to substitute bad methods by better. But it cannot prophesy whether the new institutions can bring the necessity for greater sacrifices than the old.

The fact that the inhibitions of civilization on our love life bring about a debasement of our sex objects causes Freud to direct his attention toward the instinct next.

We have seen how the bridling of sex impulses may lead to their not being satisfied after marriage. But unrestrained sexual freedom from

the very beginning leads to no better result. It is clear that desires lose their worth as soon as fulfillment becomes too easy a matter. The libido in order to reach great intensity requires obstacles in the way of fulfillment. Wherever natural obstacles to gratification were insufficient, men in all ages have created conventional barriers, in order to increase the joy in their love life. This is true of individuals as well as races. In ages where the fulfillment of love entailed no hardships, as during the decline of ancient civilization, love became worthless, life empty. In consequence a strong reaction took place which reestablished the affective worth of the libido. Thus the ascetic tendency of early Christianity furnished love with increased value.

The statement that satisfaction of an impulse robs it of its worth and vice versa does not hold true in the case of the drinker. Why then does this relation exist between the lover and his sensual object? We must consider the probability, strange as it may sound, that the very nature of the sex impulse is antagonistic to complete fulfillment. In the first place, as a result of the influence of the incest barrier the ultimate sex object is but a substitute for the original one, and therefore cannot be wholly satisfying.

In the second place psychoanalysis has shown that when the original object of a wish is lost it frequently is substituted by an indefinitely long series of "Ersatz-objecten," none of which is ever completely satisfactory. This may account for the lack of loyalty that is so often to be observed in adult love life. We know that sensuality is made up of a large number of components, some of which have been repressed or changed. Such, for instance, are the coprophilic impulses, which have become incompatible with culture. A similar fate has befallen a great part of the sadistic impulses. Such developmental changes, however, effect only the upper layers, not the foundations of mental structure. Excrement has become too closely connected with sensuality to be dissociated; the position of the genitals—*inter urinas, et faeces*—is a significant, unchangeable factor. Just as the genitals have not undergone the esthetic development characteristic of the rest of the body, so likewise, has love retained its animalistic features.

We might perhaps have to reconcile ourselves to the thought that sexual satisfaction is incompatible with the demands of culture; that renunciation and suffering can not less be avoided than the danger that in the distant future the human race will disappear from this planet as the result of its civilization. This black prognosis depends it is true upon a single premise, *i.e.*, that nonsatisfaction is necessarily inherent in the form that sensuality is forced to take under the pressure of cultural development. The nonattainment of full satisfaction, however, has given rise to the greatest cultural achievements, effected through ever increasing sublimation.

Of what use would it be for human beings to use the forces residing in the sexual instinct for other purposes if these gave them the same degree of satisfaction that sexuality does. They would continue their sexuality and thus there would be no progress. Thus it seems that permanently conflicting demands of the two instincts, ego and sex, will evolve in us ever higher accomplishments but with an ever present danger that in the weaker among us at present takes the form of neuroses.

Freud concludes this remarkable paper as follows:

"Science desires neither to frighten nor to comfort. But I am ready to admit that conclusions of such a sweeping character as the above should be based upon a broader foundation. Possibly other developmental trends in humanity will correct the conclusions that are stated here."

3. *Multiple Meanings of Dreams During Awakening and Their Occurrence in Mythological Thinking.*—This is another of Rank's brilliant papers on dreams and dream interpretation. This one deals with dreams that end in the awakening of the dreamer. Rank says they are peculiarly well fitted to give us an insight into the mechanisms of dream formation and functions. These dreams not only show the wish-fulfilling tendency but also the desire for comfort very clearly and a very transparent symbolism. This clearness in symbolism is due to the fact that the stimulus resulting in awakening has already had a symbolic satisfaction in the dream. He points this out in a large number of dreams, especially dreams resulting in part from bowel, bladder and seminal vesical stimulation. The symbolism thus formed is then applied to dreams that do not lead to awakening.

Rank devotes considerable space to dreams aroused by urinary stimuli. Their symbolism is simple and stereotyped. He makes this symbolism understandable from a psychological point of view and shows its importance for the understanding of the mental life of the individual and of peoples. He also shows the far reaching points of resemblance between the symbolism of vesical dreams and the so-called birth dreams. The same symbol can be interpreted at two depths so to speak: infantile-vesical and recent-sexual.

The symbols that in the infantile sense represent bladder dreams have in their recent meanings a sexual sense. All of this is well illustrated in the twenty-four dreams that he cites.

The symbolisms used in the dream life of the individual are the common property of humanity. They are present not only in the individual at all times, places and races but seem to be independent of speech. Unconscious symbolism appears to have many points of similarity to music. Rank then draws on the most diverse sources to furnish evidence

for his interpretations such as myths, fairy tales, the sagas of modern peoples and aborigines as well as faiths, customs and languages and even in wit. He also quotes the spontaneous remarks of children from one and a half to twelve years of age to show their association of urinating and rain. Then he quotes the sagas of the American Indian and the "edda." Illustrations are then given from the productions of the insane and the perverse. The analogy between urine and rain is often found in myth, saga and folk lore. Rank then interprets the magic flight motive which appears in myths all over the world. This motive consists of a pursuit of an enemy who is obstructed by supernatural agencies and means that result in the final safety of the fleeing individual or race.

Myth, fairy tale, saga as well as tradition, custom, speech and wit furnish Rank with a wealth of material for his thesis. The flights, the floods and other myths that are universal are easily interpreted by Rank.

This paper, as all of Rank's work, deserves the closest study. It is based on exact observation and a wide knowledge of mythology.

4. *Psychological Analysis of a Case of Paranoia*.—Grebelskaja first relates the history of the case. This is then discussed and further illustrated from two viewpoints, the etiological and mechanistic. In the first she follows Freud and sees the condition as one resulting from the breaking through of a repressed homosexuality. The second leads her to bring into relief the mechanism of projection and of infantile regression.

The case is very fruitful of material that illustrates both hypotheses. Especially noteworthy is the material that shows the ambivalent attitude of the patient towards his father and the projection of these opposites on other individuals.

5. *Spermatozoa Dreams*.—On January 6, 1912, Dr. Stekel reported to the writer a dream which revealed a "father body fantasy", *i.e.*, the dreamer imagined himself back in his father's body. He beheld in his dream numerous small people, among them himself. Dr. Stekel suspected that the little people denoted spermatozoa in the semen. Analysis confirmed this suspicion.

On the following day a girl named Agatha reported to Silberer the following dream: She was standing on a field of half melted snow. A narrow, snakelike path of hard ice led to a strange land. On this path thin men standing erect in small, narrow boats, were whizzing over the ice as if on skis. Presently two soldiers came toward her. A second glance, however, revealed but one in a gray mantle. Agatha desired very much to take the road to the strange land, but for some reason was unable to do so. She then found herself in the train. She was holding in her hand a boat such as she had seen on the ice. At a certain point she was to send it after the other boats. At the given spot she

sadly dispatched the empty boat out of the window. At that moment she noticed that it was not a boat but a trough. She hoped that she would soon reach the strange land. As the train rushed along, she awoke.

Silberer's interpretation is as follows: The thin figures gliding into an enticing "strange land" are spermatozoa. The melting snow represents the flow of semen. The fact that Agatha herself is among these creatures and on the point of entering the strange land points to a father body fantasy. The dreamer herself declared that her sorrow at the empty boat was caused by the fact that she was not in it.

Further investigations revealed the fact that the trough was similar to that in which children are placed for a bath. The dream denotes her disappointment at the inability to bear a child, for in reality, the girl is sterile, as the result of an abortion. The empty trough denotes, then, her uterus.

The hard, snakelike ice path symbolizes the penis in a state of erection. The rhythmic appearance "from time to time" of the men signifies the rhythmic motion in coitus.

The soldier in gray represents Death, which stood within a foot of the girl at the time of operation. Upon that occasion one of her ovaries was removed. Therefore, the sudden disappearance of one of the two soldiers.

The presence of death in the dream denotes the dreamer's wish to end this life and be recreated. The strange land to which she desired to go is her mother's body.

Her grief at discovering a trough (female genitals) instead of a boat (penis) reveals an earnest desire to be a man.

In explanation of the next dream cited, Silberer tells us that Agatha had planned to visit her parents in Frankfort in order to be present at the celebration of her brother's engagement. She subsequently abandoned the idea.

In this dream Agatha arrived at her parents' home. She entered a bare room which was separated from her parents' bedroom by portieres. In this room were her two youngest sisters. One of them greeted her affectionately, the other ran away. Then the curtains opened and her father in night dress, came forward and kissed her passionately. She freed herself from his embrace and ran into the street to search for her mother. On a street corner she saw her brother and his bride. She approached them and asked her brother for money, explaining that she had forgotten her purse. He reached in his pocket and produced a silver piece. As Agatha was about to take it, the silver turned into ivory, upon which thin figures were visible. At sight of them, Agatha ran away. She continued the search for her mother, but in vain.

The small thin figures again denote spermatozoa. The brother's reaching in his pocket reminded the dreamer of onanistic acts performed in

childhood. In the dream she ran away from her brother just as she had run away from the man who had impregnated her.

Her father's passionate caresses had been agreeable to Agatha as a child. Later they had filled her with disgust. Therefore, the dream presented a hindrance to the infantile wish to take her mother's place. Instead it represented sexual activity through the medium of the money scene.

Four days later Agatha dreamed a continuation of the above mentioned dream. In it she found her mother. She was seated in the midst of a great number of women around a long wooden table. Agatha sat at her feet upon a footstool. The mother then proceeded to describe to her a swelling of the abdomen and a subsequent bloody wound which she had experienced.

This dream, like its predecessor, contains a conflict between the wish to be pregnant and its opposite. Here a compromise is effected in the abortion experienced by the mother (a substitute for Agatha herself). Agatha, seated at her mother's feet, is the aborted fetus. The bare room with its long table is reminiscent of death chambers that the girl had seen. The dream reveals her oft expressed wish that she had never been born. Her endeavor to identify herself with her mother connotes this thought: if she (a sterile woman) had been in her mother's place then she, the daughter, would never have been conceived.

6. *Manifestations and Symbols of the Unconscious.*—This is the second part of Dr. Jung's paper which was begun in the *Jahrbuch*, Vol. 3, Part 1. It is available in English as "The Psychology of the Unconscious," translated by Dr. B. S. Hinkle.

7. *Destruction as the Cause of Being.*—The author's investigation of sexual problems has given rise to the question: Why should the mighty impulse of reproduction be accompanied by negative feelings such as fear or disgust, which must be overcome in order to achieve positive action? Many theories have been advanced. That of Jung most nearly accords with the writer's own results. Jung tells us that the libido has two sides: It is the strength that makes all things beautiful and, under certain circumstances, destroys all things. To become fruitful means to destroy one's self, for with the creation of the next generation the present generation has passed the height of its power. Thus our successors are our most dangerous enemies, for they seize the power out of our enfeebled hands. Our erotic fate is beset with unknown dangers. Those who would avoid it must stifle desire and, in so doing, commit a kind of suicide. We can, therefore, understand how death fantasies come to be associated with renunciation of erotic desire.

Biology gives us instances in which simple organisms die as soon as they have produced a new generation. Human beings do not sacrifice themselves in this way, yet they lose a part of themselves which at that moment represents the value of the whole organism. Anxiety and disgust are then feelings which correspond to the destructive component of the sexual instincts.

Observation of the Psychology of Individuals establishes the paradox that psychically we do not live in the present, for an experience is affective only in so far as it arouses previous emotional states buried in the unconscious. Freud traces the love life of the adult to a desire to renew the pleasure feelings of childhood. He regards the struggle to attain pleasure and avoid pain as the basis of all psychic productions. Yet the fact that at times pain may give us pleasure has given rise to conceptions of a "complex antomy" (to quote Jung's formulation).

The deepest portion of our psyche knows no "I" but instead the consummation "we," or else the "I" is regarded as an object subordinate to other similar objects. For example, a patient under narcotics for a skull operation called out to the surgeon who applied the instrument to his head, "Come in." In many instances we find an objectification of the whole personality, as in the case of the patient who during an operation fancied that soldiers were enduring her suffering. In dreams it is often another personality who fulfills our wishes.

According to the author's conception, dementia precox represents a conflict between the "I" psyche and the race psyche, which would make the "I" an impersonal, type object. During the progress of the illness the "I" comes to be regarded as a detached, impersonal object. For this reason patients can laugh at their own sufferings.

The affectless concepts which whole races have created give us insight into the content of our wishes. The "I" psyche struggles against assimilation by the race psyche. As a result, buried portions of the ego reappear in new guises as, for instance, in works of art. But such transformation takes place at the expense of that portion of the ego which is involved.

When we put our thoughts into language we are changing something personal into a general form which others can understand. But the sharing of that portion of ourselves with others gives us joy. This desire to give of ourselves has its culmination in sexual relations.

Stekel has pointed out that in dreams death denotes a desire for the fullest measure of life. It often represents a sadistic sexual act. Freud has taught us that to dream of lying in a coffin is to symbolize the fetus within the uterus. The fantasies of neurotic patients reveal similar symbolism. Every sexual symbol, in dreams, as in mythology, means the life and death bringing God. For example, the horse, a symbol of the

sexual, is the life giving animal of the Sun-God; it is also the animal of death.

Neitzsche says "Man is something that must be overpowered in order that the superman may be created." "And if all ladders fail you, you must learn to climb on your own head: how would you otherwise climb upwards?" In other words, man must learn to destroy himself in order to create a new and higher generation. Another example of this thought is to be found among patients who when they desire children, picture themselves turned into children.

Bleuler's ambivalence theory and Stekel's notion of bi-polarity tell us that every positive impulse is accompanied by a negative one. Thus the sexual instinct is accompanied by a death instinct. Under normal conditions the constructive element predominates, but in the case of neurotics the destructive component manifests itself in the patient's opposition to life and to his natural fate.

To sum up, man is possessed of two sets of tendencies: his ego-instincts and his race-instincts. The instinct of self-preservation is a positive one; the instinct of race-preservation which sacrifices the old in order to create the new, is ambivalent. With the arousing of the positive component the negative component is simultaneously stirred and vice versa.

Mythology teaches us that our unconscious thought processes correspond to the conscious processes of our ancestors. In the Bible we read of the Tree of Life, which could bring death as well as life. The cross on which Jesus was crucified is said to have been taken from this tree.

In Wagner death is often nothing more than the destructive component of the instinct of creation. His heroes and heroines are saviors who sacrifice themselves for their love.

The greatest sacrifice was that of Christ. His followers in taking the sacrament of the bread and wine figuratively repeat His sacrifice in order to be renewed.

An interesting example symbolizing the creation of human beings out of the earth is to be found in rabinnical writings. We read here of dwarfs who are planted in the earth, from which they draw their nourishment through the navel. Another writer has described them as plants with human forms. When the cord which binds them to the earth is cut, they cry aloud and die. These human plants represent the fetus in the mother's body. The cry at birth is a death cry, for the child upon being given life becomes destined also for death.

Certain Australian Negro tribes practise castration as a sacrificial ceremony. In other words, they kill the sexuality in them in order that they may not be destroyed in reality. In short, throughout the realm of mythology and religion we find symbolized the fact that without destruction there can be no creation.

8. *Analytical Observations on the Fantasies of a Schizophrenic.*—

As a result of the influence of the investigations of Freud and especially Jung, the writer undertook the thorough psychoanalysis of a schizophrenic patient. The analysis lasted for eight months. The patient's richest productivity occurred during the periods before and after the catatonic attacks. During the attacks the patient was usually strongly introverted and negativistic. Also during the longer intervals between individual catatonic attacks the patient withdrew into his paranoid state and produced nothing new. The doctor, therefore, forebore to hasten the interpretation of the patient's fantasies and waited until the succeeding catatonic attack brought the interpretation with it.

From the history we learn that the patient at the time of treatment was forty-five years old. His mother, shortly after marriage, had suffered from "nervenfieber," which resulted in a lingering nervous condition. She threw herself into religious activities; became a devoted follower of a certain religious sect. One of her brothers died in an insane asylum. The patient's only sister had been married for eleven years.

The patient's mental development, up to the time of puberty, exhibited no abnormalities. He did well in his school work. At the age of about fourteen a change in his character developed. The patient, who up to this time had been rather friendly, became extraordinarily timid and avoided the company of people. At the same time he developed articular rheumatism, to cure which he became a vegetarian. In spite of his earnest efforts, learning became difficult for him. He failed his entrance examinations to the teachers' training school twice before he succeeded in passing.

In the training school he was known as a model scholar, quiet, industrious, pedantic, possessing great powers of self-mastery. Upon the completion of his course he attended an institute in French Switzerland in order to study foreign languages. There he took to fasting until at length he felt ill and departed.

After passing the cantonal teacher's examination he was employed as vicar in several places. Although as a teacher he was learned and was good to the children, he could not find a permanent position. The reason, was his peculiar manner of living. Since the beginning of his rheumatic condition he had tried every conceivable kind of cure, even to magnetism and spiritualism. He took long walks, bathed for several hours every day, at times during the night. Gradually he withdrew from the society of others, until, as a result of trying to enforce his mode of living upon his pupils, he was obliged to give up his calling.

For about eight years he had been living with his eighty year old mother who was mentally abnormal. He was known in the neighborhood as a queer but harmless fellow. Latterly, however, he had begun to

hear voices and to consider himself as an apostle, chosen to go out and preach God's laws. Thereupon, his mother was given over to the care of her daughter and the patient committed to a hospital.

At the hospital he was conspicuous for his comical outward appearance. Physical examination revealed the fact that his penis was distorted as a result of the patient's manipulations. He was reserved and quiet, politely friendly to the doctor. He always sat in the same spot, busied with books or newspapers. Only as the result of direct questioning did he volunteer any information as to his ideas of persecution. After three months he was released to the care of his sister with the diagnosis of paranoia.

A few months later he was again brought to the hospital. The patient, somewhat excited, reported that he had been tortured by his sister, who robbed him and tried to poison him. He had escaped and reported the matter to the police.

During his second stay at the hospital he was again quiet, industrious, and helpful. But close observation revealed the fact that an inner change was working in him. Presently he began to perform queer actions; made cold compresses which he placed upon his genitals. Upon one occasion he undressed. During a whole day he refused to urinate. At night he talked to himself and sometimes called out of the window. This excitation finally culminated in a catatonic stupor. The diagnosis of paranoia was changed to that of catatonia. Since that time the patient has been subject every few months to a stupor-like condition which gives way, at the end of seven to ten days, to a proportionately more quiet interval.

During the paranoid stage the patient claimed that sexuality was the cause of his remarkable manner of living. At the age of fourteen he began to masturbate but soon ceased this practice. He had "fallen," i.e., had had intercourse six times. This he had also given up. Subsequently he had been subject to pollutions which caused him to fear for his health. In spite of the various cures undertaken, the pollutions continued. He then resorted to spiritualism; undertook experiments with remarkable results. Spirits directed his hands in playing musical instruments. Clouds of fog took the form of women and approached him. Odors of women he knew came to him. According to him, evil thoughts produced like spirits. During these manifestations the patient suffered erections and discharges.

As a result of his experiments he came to believe in the existence of a spirit world. Failing to get relief from the spirit world, he resolved to make no further experiments, but resorted to physical exercise and cold baths. During the baths he exercised a strict control of his thoughts. Above all things in the world, he feared the loss of semen.

As a result he was afraid to urinate. He was in the habit of rushing to his room and rubbing his legs, in order to divert the blood from his sex organs. But the evil spirits would not leave him in peace.

During this period the patient heard voices out of the fourth dimension, the future, etc., proclaiming him the savior of mankind. All nature seemed to be at one with his spirit. He now recalled various natural disturbances, such as comets and forest fires which had occurred at the time of his birth.

The patient's struggles resulted in his evolving the following theory concerning semen:

God, the Father of all, created semen. He gave it to mortals to keep for the purpose of achieving ever greater perfection. Man's first and greatest sin was the giving up of semen to the Devil.

Death is but a condition of weakness caused by the giving up of semen. At death mortals become spirits. They seek to gratify their own desires by causing mortals to suffer. Suffering has a weakening effect on them, since they have no means of rehabilitating themselves. Those spirits that are reborn without suffering, develop more quickly than the others into mortals.

Through the giving up of semen, mortals sink to the level of animals, plants, etc. There is thus a migration of souls. Sexual intercourse on earth leads to ruin. If mortals retain their semen they will not die but will become gods.

The patient, through his struggles, had acquired power over the elements. He was already near the state of "absolute perfection."

Thus far we see the development of "introversion" in the patient. The pollutions are signs of an intensive repression of the libido. They are often a cover symptom for fantasies, especially incest fantasies.

The patient manifests the typical paranoid projection of his complex into the outer world in the form of persecution by spirits who draw his semen from him. The female form created out of air is the prototype of all further mother-surrogates. The patient's megalomania leads him to identify himself with his God. His theory concerning semen is an attempt at sublimation, a rationalizing protection against incest.

The first catatonic attack took place about two months after the patient's second internment. One day the patient suddenly began to eat meat. On the following afternoon he urinated upon the floor and was in consequence, put to bed. For eleven days he lay motionless, his left hand clutching his penis, his right hand behind his head. He showed no reaction when addressed or touched. Gradually the condition disappeared.

Concerning this attack the patient made the following statements. At first it seemed to him that those about him were trying to rid themselves of him by means of coal gas, by putting excrement into his food,

etc. Next he fancied that all humans wished to emigrate to a better life on the moon or the sun. All animals and plants were to become human beings. He began to fear that he was too heavy to be transported on account of the semen he had retained. Thereupon he commenced to masturbate, in order to bring out the semen. He was obliged to swallow these ejections and to retain both urine and feces. Nothing was to be left behind on earth. If he lacked perseverance, various birds would come to remind him. He believed that the whole world was threatened with a flood. Rats and mice came and gnawed at his genitals.

During this time a black man six feet high appeared, dressed in a black masquerade costume. The covering on his face contained deep holes for his eyes. On his head was a cone-shaped cap. All persons on one side of him were clad in black; all those on the other side in white. At his entrance a terrible commotion ensued among the patients. It seemed as though the black man were the executioner.

The content of this attack denotes the struggle between introversion and transference. A doubt has now arisen concerning the retention of the semen. But at the same time the animals of fear (rats and mice) threaten to rob him of his libido.

If we turn to mythology for an interpretation, we find that the black man is similar to certain Greek and Roman deities. Statues which have been unearthed show such figures to be cloaked phalli. Jung has pointed out the phallic nature of conical caps. The whole vision is reminiscent of ancient burial ceremonials. The black man appears then to be a personified phallus conducting a burial.

The birds who came to remind the patient represent his parents. The whole attack appears to have been an attempt at a cure.

The second catatonic attack came on gradually. The patient began to perform queer actions. He spoke continually of his bride the Queen of Heaven, with whom he imagined himself as having intercourse. Soon he descended into a catatonic stupor; refused to take nourishment. At times he lay for hours with arms outstretched, in the form of a cross. After a few days he began to perform certain actions, as though in his sleep. He curled himself up into unusual positions, turned somersaults, masturbated ostentatiously, etc.

During this attack the patient's personality was split into a subjective and an objective ego. His objective self lay in bed in a catatonic stupor, his subjective self took part in his fantasy experiences. Toward the end of the attack the objective ego began to demand of the subjective portion proof of these fantasies. Thereupon the patient returned to reality. At about the end of a week the patient declared that the Queen of Heaven had put him through certain tests. Then followed transference to the analyst, to whom the patient delivered a kiss from the queen.

After the cessation of the attack it was possible to obtain insight into

the patient's fantasies. If during the analysis he forgot details, the queen whispered them to him. It is a noteworthy fact that the queen always spoke Swiss-German! Upon his being interrupted, she suddenly ceased to speak.

A letter written by the patient to the Pope, and other documents contained the statements that he was the savior of mankind, the bridegroom of the Queen of Heaven. He claimed that voices had communicated these facts to him; that through his union with the queen he would first attain physical and mental soundness, subsequently deliver mankind from a dread future.

The following fantasies describe the content of the patient's catatonic state.

According to the patient's statements, he was lying in bed in a hypnotic state. From his navel there sprang his subjective self, a "muscular handsome man possessed of the gifts and qualities of a god." The subjective self's first task was to battle with his enemy, R. (the night attendant). This enemy, according to the patient, was a doctor who carried out the most loathsome sexual practices. The patient described in great detail his battles with the enemy and his final triumph.

During his attack hordes of girls and boys came to him to be cured by contact with his genitals. Upon one occasion he fought in defense of the queen. Whereupon songs were sung in his honor; and the oldest doctor preached a sermon upon Paul S., teacher, mold of men, conqueror of nations, creator and destroyer of earth, expander into worlds, producer of seeds, minerals, plants, and animals representative of God.

Another fantasy pictured his subjective self playing violin selections in a beautiful, heartrending manner. He was able to change his sex organs at will into those of the masculine, feminine and "neuter" genders. According to the change effected he was approached by men, women, or children whose advances he fought off.

The chief fantasy during this period was that of his struggle with his father, who appeared with a steer's head, a live snake for a tongue and other animalistic features. Other fantasies pictured the patient as being bitten by snakes and scorpions. Remarkable are the mythological attributes accredited to his father by the patient. The animalistic features all symbolized the sun, the life-restoring force of nature.

The following fantasies deal with the patient's Godly origin. He claimed to have been crucified three times. He was the Creator, Father of all, of his two daughters, Mathilda (the name of the patient's own sister) represented the Devil. Hulda, the other daughter, possessed the virtues of the Heavenly Queen. Mathilda sapped his strength by drawing his semen from him. In these fantasies the identification of the patient with his father is apparent.

The patient traced his genealogy from the creator, through such characters as Charlemagne and Peter the Great, to his own parents.

Toward the end of the attack his objective self began to demand proof of his Godhood. Thereupon the patient discontinued the story of his Godly origin. Furthermore, the queen began to appear in more modern guise.

Upon investigation, the queen proved to be the combination of a number of washwomen, former pupils, acquaintances, and women whose photographs had attracted the patient. All these women, he reported, bore a "striking resemblance" to a photograph of his mother, taken in her youth.

He and the queen through their union, were to become one God, the savior of mankind. Human beings would then be enabled to enjoy the pleasures of earth without losing strength or suffering pain. To defeat this purpose the patient's enemies were trying by every possible means to do away with him.

During the third catatonic attack the patient became noisy and aggressive, spoke of being poisoned and desired to be left alone with the queen.

Analysis revealed the fact that the period between the second and third attacks marked the approach of the queen, and also an attack from the enemy. During this period the patient had to be in readiness, either to receive the queen or to ward off the enemy. Upon one occasion he was obliged to repel the advances of his sister Mathilda; again he had to defend himself against his mother, who desired to "use him" for sexual purposes. Gradually he experienced a return to his former Godhood.

It appeared that his numerous sons had violated their mother, the queen. She thereupon returned nightly to the patient in order to obtain renewed strength through his semen.

After the cessation of this attack the patient became more reserved than before. The voice of the queen gradually became inaudible to him. He desired to resume his former method of living; to continue his baths. He produced no further fantasies worthy of note.

The following infantile reminiscences give the patient's characterization of his relatives.

The patient's father, according to him, was stern but good to his son until he saw that the boy, at the age of fifteen, was attracted by a voluptuous looking girl. On his deathbed he bade his son exercise control over his thoughts. His father must, therefore, have been a strong, pugnacious man, versed in evil deeds.

His mother he described as a harlot who, through witchcraft, sought to entice him as well as others. She, as well as his sister, had the power of transforming herself into various beings.

His sister, according to the patient, continually repulsed him, on account of his insignificance. This arrested development on his part—both physically and mentally—he attributed to the prostitution of his relatives. He declared furthermore, that most of his pollutions were caused by his sister.

Number symbolism played an important part in the patient's fantasies: For example, he declared the number six (in German *sex*) exercised a great influence in his life.

Besides the fantasies produced during the catatonic attacks, the patient related a number of visions and dreams. These he regarded, not as actual experiences but as "pictures." These images, changing in form, have a cinematographic character. They may be regarded as cinematographic pseudohallucinations. Their symbolism reveals a combination of birth and intrauterine existence fantasies.

In connection with Freud's article on the double meaning of words and Bleuler's theory of ambivalence, the author gives examples to show how the patient used certain words to express two opposite meanings.

In conclusion, Nelken points out that this case is interesting, in that it shows a transition from one subvariety of dementia precox into another. This case of paranoia after years breaks out in an acute catatonia and after the catatonia has run its course he goes back to his paranoid condition. The whole course of the psychosis can be stated as follows:

A long conditioned paranoid state—catatonic attack—grading off into the paranoid—paranoid period of latency—gradual recurrence of a catatonic attack. From the psychoanalytic standpoint, Nelken says that the difference between the paranoic and catatonic conditions are purely quantitative and depend upon the strength of the repression. The course of the regression from the normal condition in schizophrenics is first the paranoid state and then the catatonic. In the paranoid state there is an intensive attempt to adjust to the outer world and a rationalization of his complex by intellectual means. In addition to the paranoid mechanisms of projection which result in delusion of persecution there is the pathological striving for health which results in the attempt to save the world and improve it. He also builds up his semen theory and begins to lay down the foundation of his ideas of grandeur. The fundamental complex in this state is still very deep in his unconscious. The catatonic attack is due to an increase of his introversion to such a degree that no adjustment to the outer world is possible. The material that he now uses to build up his nuclear complex the patient gets out of his infantile individual experiences and historical layers of his unconscious. The result is a tremendous hallucinatory discharge in fantasies and a physical discharge in stereotypies. If we look upon the paranoid state as an unsuccessful attempt at sublimation, the catatonic attack can be looked upon as a complete substitution of reality by the unconscious.

From the psychoanalytic viewpoint, Nelken thinks that the psychosis of this patient can be looked upon as a flight into disease which will give him compensation for those unsatisfied desires he has experienced in reality. In his fantasies many complexes make their appearance. He compensates for his bodily insignificance, his disappointments, his inferior social position, his failures, his artistic aspiration, etc. All these before are but minor complexes and are assimilated by the one powerful complex which runs through his whole psychosis and radiates in every possible direction, namely, his incest complex. His incest is without limits. In his fantasies his mother and sisters seduce him. He castrates and kills his father. His father seduces his wife and desires his death. His wife is the Queen of Heaven and becomes his mother. He himself is raped by his daughter. His son, the black dwarf, castrates him. His sons, whom he has produced through the Queen of Heaven, raped their own mother in desire to get him, their father, out of the way.

This central complex shoves all the rest to one side and takes possession of every fantasy that the patient produces. The external manifestations in his complex are protean, the complex remains the same. The content of his very rich fantasies is very poor. Each can always be reduced to the one conflict which, rooted in the infantile life of the patient, he never overcomes. The development of the conflict and its transition into disease is chronologically pictured. The repression of the incest gradually leads to an increasing introversion and shows itself in the fantastic projections and the secondary rationalizations of the paranoid state. The height of the repression is revealed as the destruction of the world, this being a projection of his inner destruction and represents complete withdrawal of the libido from the outer world. Thereupon the repressed material attempts to break through in the hallucinatory form but is again repressed.

The symbols which the patient uses to express his nuclear complex show many archaic roots. Nelken agrees with the view of Jung that psychopathologic symbolism is nothing but prehistoric and ancient symbolism. He quotes Jung that the soul can be, so to speak, divided into historical layers, the oldest layers being synonymous with the unconscious. As a result, introversion on the pathway of regression picks up the reminiscences of the individual; then in the increased introversion the historical unconscious is tapped and there results archaic forms of thought and conduct which are nothing but the renaissance of past mental products.

Nuclear complexes have their roots in the historical past. This patient, not having overcome it, projects his complex upon the entire world and by mechanism of regression he steps down to the deepest historical layers of his unconscious, through a whole series of past epochs down to the most primitive time of humanity. The symbolism

that the patient makes use of to portray his incest fantasies is for the most part the symbolism of the sun worshipers.

According to mythological analogies, the patient's fantasies are nothing but the myth of a God who castrates and kills his father, the old Sun God. He then identifies himself with his father only to fall under the curse of incest himself.

9. *A Few Cases of Compulsion Neurosis.*—One of the cases reported in this paper is published in English in the author's "Papers on Psychoanalysis," second edition, 1919, chapter 30. Both the original article and the small case report in his book are among the best and most detailed studies of the obsessional neuroses published.

10. *Regarding Symbol Formation.*—In an article that appeared in Vol. III, part II, of the Jahrbuch (abstracted in Vol. VIII, 1921, p. 434, of THE PSYCHOANALYTIC REVIEW) Silberer attempted to describe the processes that are involved in the formation of symbols according to their genesis. Examples were given whose purpose was to explain and substantiate his principles. Since his theories were to be applied to the whole field of symbolism he felt that he should give examples from hypnagogic and hypnapompic hallucinations. This article is the first in a series that will attempt to cover the field of dreams, day dreams, the various pathological fantasy formations in the manifestations of hysteria, of compulsion neurosis, and perhaps of some of the psychoses, in poetry, the development of philosophical knowledge, myths, fairy tales, folk lore, religion and superstitions. This article treats of symbols in dreams. He takes for granted a knowledge of his previous publications on the subject but goes on to state their most important contents and to amplify them.

Every symbol is a symbol only in so far as it bears a relation to the something that it stands for. A symbol arises only when a positive factor such as an idea, thought or complex desires to become conscious but is inhibited by a negative factor: the apperceptive insufficiency. This insufficiency can be either intellectual or affective, that is it can be due, first, to defective development (child, individual or group immaturity) or to a passing weakness of the apperceptive powers (such as sleep, etc.) or secondly the insufficiency is the result of an interference by those affects which through the pleasure-pain mechanism hinder the entrance of an idea or deflect some of the energy of attention to autonomous complexes. When affective forces disturb the advance of an idea they act, not only in a negative way but also positively in that they also desire admission to consciousness and thus become "positive" factors striving towards symbolic expression. The result of such a competition between two or more "positive" factors is either a conglomerate of

symbols or a symbol constructed of many parts in which the various objects symbolized are represented in a distorted fashion. In so far as we are able to trace the connection of the symbol to one of the objects from which it arises we get the picture of type 11 which will be described below.

Symbols also have a manifold significance even where no affective elements play their part. Even the very simplest ones, those that are the result of intellectual apperceptive insufficiency, show condensation. But the separate elements are clearly related to various aspects of the thing symbolized and express the idea clearly.

Silberer's well known classification of symbols is based upon the nature of the "positive" factor, *i.e.*, the latent idea or object that seeks admission to consciousness.

First there is "material symbol" when it represents the matter of thinking such as thoughts, concepts, ideas, etc., be they conscious or unconscious.

Second the "functional symbol" when it portrays the function of the mind, its state, its activity or its structure.

Third, the somatic symbol which pictures the bodily functions.

This classification, especially the first two, Silberer considers very fruitful. Most of the psychoanalytic literature treated only the material type. The author has devoted most of his interest to the functional type. He therefore gives but five examples of the material category in which are classed all the wish fulfillment dreams. Sixty-five dreams and their interpretation are then given in which Silberer elucidates his conception of the functional mechanism of the dream. They are decidedly worthwhile reading. The best is the following, part of a dream of Pauline:

"I took a walk, it was fall, withered grass and bush, a real autumn mood, and towards evening I come to a graveyard and go in. I think: My God now I'm alone in a cemetery at night, a feeling of anxious tension overcomes me. But I do not fear," (added later: "I get into a sort of courage born of despair in which I think, it's nothing, I'll put myself above everything and bring destruction. This sort of courage I've often had in despairing situations.") "Suddenly I have wings, become black all over and fly over the graves. And wherever I flew I brought death. I think, to whom will you first¹ . . . where will you first fly. And I flew first to O, a place I had not thought of, to bring death there first . . . Now I don't know, I did not arrive there, I was suddenly somewhere in a small house where I should have to go in a small upper room. There were no stairs, a ladder was there. I went up the ladder. Instead of a door there was a small circular hole through which I

¹ The hesitation is of significance.

could not get, and Emma² was already in the room and said, 'Come on, I got through without any trouble,' and I tried it but it simply could not be done. Then I placed myself on a prominence and with the ladder as a lever I pried a board out of the supposed door. Thus I got in, I took the ladder with me, no one could then come in, there was no ladder or anything. In the room there were only garden benches, no other furniture, benches with soft, curved back rests, comfortable to lean against. I sat in one and felt so well, so good and happy just as if one wanted to remain seated for a long time. Emma said, 'Don't be so lazy. Come and take a walk.' I went unwillingly, so unwillingly."

Interpretation: The autumn mood and being alone in the evening are thoughts of Pauline concerning her fate in life. She thinks of her fading youth, of the approach of the evening of life which she must meet without having found a life companion. She is in the graveyard of her hopes and apprehension possesses her. Then her life seeking courage rouses itself. She pulls herself together and tries to shake off her melancholy thoughts. Ergo a being above something. This well known tendency clothes itself in the picture of flying—functional symbolism which only as the result of certain material relations acquires a particular form: Pauline becomes a black angel of death which, as she afterwards remarked, was especially noticed by her in the dream.

The hesitation in the dream discloses the significance of the death angel in the very act of concealing it. Pauline will not entertain the thought that she wished death to any one. If the sentence which was begun had been finished it would have been "Whom will you first kill?" She evades its completion by the phrase, "Where will you first fly?" Not only the relating of the dream but the dream itself, now that the death wish has expressed itself, is set upon concealment. It lets the dreamer fly to O where another Pauline is acting in an unsympathetic manner but one that plays no part in the dreamer's life. A death wish directed against this woman has no justification. She is naturally only a substitute for someone else. The development of the dream should have brought about the death of someone by Pauline. This concept is *persona non grata*. It develops that the substitution of the really meant person by the woman in O. is an insufficient reconnoitering; nothing is left but to leave the murderous thoughts which threaten to achieve consciousness and to ban them to another psychic region to protect oneself from them. This is done by means of the functional symbolism of changing the scenes. Here she rescues herself by the troublesome crawling into a distant room where no one can follow her, where the murderous thoughts cannot come up. Now she is safe and feels at peace.

Pauline feels herself as well upon the benches as she once did on her mother's lap or even in her womb where Pauline certainly was free

² An older friend of Pauline whom she often goes out with, especially on trips to the country, and where Emma is always the leader.

from all sorrow. The trained analyst will surely have recognized the climbing up the ladder then through a narrow opening into a room as birth or intrauterine fantasy. It serves the wish to be as untroubled as she was in the uterus. The intrauterine fantasy is the retrograde form of the death fantasy. And here it is an especially extended functional expression for hiding herself from her murderous thoughts. Before the ladder is drawn up, which protects her from her torturing thoughts, these thoughts are still potent, one has only to consider that Pauline uses the ladder like a murderous instrument. As she afterwards admits, Pauline felt rage towards Emma at this place in the dream. The analysis reveals that Emma is a substitute for Pauline's younger sister Regina. Pauline when a child had envied her because this sister had deprived her of a part of her parents' love. She had complained of this to certain people and to people in O because "there was now a bad Regina who sat upon Mother's lap." If now in the natural course of events Regina came out of her mother after Pauline, therefore in the retrograde fantasy she (*i.e.*, her substitute Emma) had to go in first and Pauline could then follow. Naturally Pauline would as a child have been glad to see her rival disappear. This death wish (in the dream portrayed as rage against Emma) forms, so to speak, the emotional association between the two scenes of the dream. The death wish towards the sister is the least dangerous, the furthest removed and it also is quieted as soon as the births are undone.

The bad thoughts are now dispersed. Pauline rests upon the soft bench (of her mother's uterus—material symbol: forgetting—functional symbol) which she so unwillingly leaves. But to whom is it that Pauline in her unconscious wishes death? Over whose graves does she fly? Who is it that deserves, so to speak, her death wishes. We discover that when we are told that Richard, beloved by Pauline, is married and has children. Richard's wife in the first place and his children in the second—for the latter prevented Richard from divorcing his wife—are the objects of Pauline's unconscious death wishes.

These obstacles and the moral thoughts that flowed from them caused Pauline to break with Richard. At the time of the dream she believed—and here we come to the chief key to functional symbolism—that Richard and everything about him had been forgotten by her. She has a new affair which she treasures and finds beautiful and in which the liabilities of the other affair are absent. But a few days ago when in the distance she saw Richard. She was mightily aroused and was astonished at her own emotions. It seemed as if the dead do come to life. Here we have the real inciter of the dream. The cemetery is not only her dead hopes but also her buried thoughts of Richard from whom she flies away.

Silberer considers this the best dream he has come across to illustrate functional symbolism. The somatic type of symbols are not of the same value as the functional and material types. Although the dream often

contains somatic symbols Silberer found that they followed the Freudian theory in that they are most often in the service of the other two types. It seems probable, and as P. Federn attempted to show, that flying in dreams is induced by a heart irritation, or a change in respiration or a sensation of dizziness or an erection. These somatic processes are immediately transformed into an action which expresses the intention of either the material or functional types in such a way that flying is used for a certain purpose or to intensify the meaning of a situation. Motor paralysis occurring in sleep is utilized in the same way, *i.e.*, to help in the representation of a conflict. For this reason Silberer gives no examples of the somatic type especially since there is a classical group of them in Scherner's book "On the Dream."

11. *An Intellectual Component of the Father Complex.*—Four-year-old Emmy wishes to be a cook and have twenty children.

Mother: "Yes, but who is to be their papa?"

Emmy: "But I have a papa."

Mother: "But that's your papa and he belongs to me."

Emmy: "Yes, that's our papa, my papa and your papa and my children's papa."

The next day when questioned she persisted: "Papa belongs to us all three."

Bleuler explains this belief of the child. Its nebulous concept of the father within the family is that he is just *the* father. Papa is papa, just as the table is the table for all without regard to personal relations. At the same time the child is clear on the fact that its playmates' father occupies the same position in the other household. This latter form of thinking is only used where reality demands it. When thinking autistically she leaves this fact out of consideration especially as twenty children are conjured up and sleep ten in a bed in the guest room. Papa is the father of Emmy's children because he is "the" papa. This error of thinking is of the same kind as the child's inability to use the word "me" because as each one uses it it means a different person (Emmy's intelligence by Binet's Tests is normal; she solves the five and six-year tests without trouble).

This concept of Emmy's seems so natural that it is probably of frequent occurrence. In view of the fact that infantile concepts persist into and influence later thinking, especially the autistic type, it would seem probable that this idea is not without influence upon the parent complex.

Bleuler wishes distinctly to be understood as not undervaluing the erotic moment in this subject, on the contrary, the heterosexual aspect of her relation to her father was early manifested. It may also be of significance that Emmy had long since been informed of the source of children (but not of conception), but she simply refused to take any

stock in it. At times she aggressively announced her own birth theories even although they contradicted reality. When her mother was with child and after it came Emmy showed distinct envy, not of her brother, but because her mother had a child and she had not.

12. *Forel's Position Towards Psychoanalysis*.—Bleuler replies to Forel's criticisms of the Freudian school: first, that they pretty thoroughly ignore the works of their predecessors in the field; second, that they set up all sorts of hypotheses as facts.

The first charge Bleuler thinks is not entirely false, but then, says he, "To give credit to all these predecessors one would have to write thick, tiresome, and useless volumes." It is true, he says, that others have observed the facts Freud points out, but then it remained for Freud to set them in their logical order; that is his great contribution. Forel's second critical objection is that Freud emphasizes the sexual factor in the neuroses and looks upon sex as their sole cause. Bleuler rightly answers that taken literally, that is not true. If Freud and his followers have found sex as an essential element in the causation of neuroses, the only answer is for others to investigate and bring forth other factors. Forel further attacks the extension of the concept of sexuality.

The total impression left upon Bleuler of Forel's position is that although he attacks Freud where he thinks it necessary, there is more agreement than disagreement. Bleuler also finds that Freud has had more experience in just those fields where Forel disagrees with him; and, finally, Bleuler thinks that the disagreement is not upon essentials.

13. *Concerning the Function of the Dream*.—Maeder states that the dream has a teleological function in addition to its sleep-guarding and cathartic function, as Freud has stated. He maintains that definite actions, resolutions and solutions of conflicts are prepared by the dream and that the dream has a decisive effect upon future behavior. He supports this idea by observations that are designed to show that a short time after the remembered (but unanalyzed dream) a real decision (or act) was accomplished in the conscious state by the dreamer in a matter that had before this been undecided. This decision was then found by analysis to be contained in the dream.

Maeder calls this a secondary function of the dream and cites as parallels the works of Groos and Carr on the biological conception of play. These authors consider play not as a form of recreation but as preparatory exercise in the adaptation to life. According to Carr, play has the further function in that it supplies the organism with the stimuli that provoke its growth, especially that of the nervous system; and in addition play has the important function of being a method of catharsis.

Maeder believes that the dream has these functions also, "the dream is a purposive canalization of antisocial instincts." He also sees in day

dreams and fantasies this adjustment tendency through catharsis and preparatory exercise.

14. *The Problem of Spermatozoa Dreams.*—In a previous paper on "Spermatozoa Dreams" (Jahrbuch, Vol. 4, Part 1) Silberer related a dream which he interpreted as a spermatozoa fantasy or the fantasy of being incorporated into the father's body. He considered these fantasies as the expression of a wish for the regression of life and compared them to the "Mutterliebsphantasien."

This paper is to give further evidence for his thesis and to clear up disputed points. Not every dream that contains elements that point to their interpretation as spermatozoa are to be considered spermatozoa dreams. They can be part of fertilization, developmental or other ideas. The genuine spermatozoa dream must contain a real spermatozoa fantasy; that is, one that puts the dreamer among the spermatozoa. Nor need it be a death wish in its narrowest sense. If the individual fantasies himself into such a situation, it may be the striving to break with his present life, to begin anew, to be reborn. The dream may therefore be looked upon as having a progressive tendency.

15. *A Criticism.*—This is a lengthy but clear and erudite reply to Artur Kronfeld's "A Systematic and Critical Discussion of the Psychological Theories of Freud and Allied Viewpoints" which first appeared in the "Archiv für die Gesamte Psychologie Bd. XXII H. 2-3. It was the most exhaustive and greatest critical attempt among the opponents of Freud made up to that time.

That this reply of Rosenstein's cannot be abstracted is evident, but both Kronfeld's paper and Rosenstein's answer are well worth reading in the original.

16. *A Call to Principles.*—Silberer makes a plea for more thorough work on the part of those engaged in applying the method of psychoanalysis in those fields that lie outside of its original domain, *vis.*, psychopathology. He desires not only that every discovery be incorporated into the body of psychoanalytic knowledge but also that thereafter the new knowledge be presented in relation to the entire subject treated. He asks that authors take the time to treat their material not only from the psychoanalytic viewpoint but all other viewpoints and thus show their interrelationship. The failure to do this has caused many experts in extra medical fields to view psychoanalytic contributions to their subject with academic prejudice.

He wishes the workers in these fields would remember that pure psychoanalytic mastery of their subjects is only a first step; the second step that of a true incorporation of the psychoanalytic results into the main body of their subjects as the second and hardly less important task.

Miscellaneous Abstracts

Nervousness and the Jew. ISRAEL S. WECHSLER. *The Menorah Journal*, Vol. X, No. 2, April-May, 1924.

The author of this article discusses the question of the greater prevalence of neuroses among Jews and the presumed "nervous" make up of their character. He finds that the more immediate causes lie in what has been so aptly termed by Myerson as social heredity. For centuries the Jews have lived in an acutely hostile environment and the ever present threat of destruction, the constant state of fear engendered and a perpetual state of anxiety—all without an adequate outlet or compensation—have greatly lessened their emotional stability and led more particularly to the development of extreme suspiciousness and sensitiveness. It was not surprising therefore that confronted with a bitter reality, the Jew was often willing to forsake it and seek refuge in spiritual mysticism to develop what the author terms a social neurosis. Another prolific source of conflicts was the need of adjustment to different cultures consequent upon frequent migration from one country to another, and as a frequent concomitant of it, the intensified struggle within the home itself between the old and new generations. Furthermore, by reason of social and economic stringencies, the Jews were obliged to concentrate in large cities and forced into driving industrial occupations, the stress and strain of it reflecting itself in greater emotional instability. To these factors are to be added the unusual closeness of blood and family ties, which the author believes are traceable to the earliest phantasies of infancy and childhood.

Not all of these factors, however, strike sufficiently deep roots to alter personality, nor are they altogether peculiar to the Jews. Accordingly, the author seeks other and deeper causes to be found, as he believes, in the peculiarities of the Jew's religious philosophy, his views of social ethics and his reactions to the same. He observes first, that the essential features of Jewish religious culture is its emphasis on reality, a constant tendency to translate the ideal in terms of the real, whereas other religious philosophies lay main stress on the mystic ideal without regard to reality. As an offshoot of the main trunk, Christianity may thus be seen as a flight from reality, to which the Jews en masse, could never reconcile. Such early inculcation of a sense of reality, much intensified as it was through external forces, compelled the Jew to solve his conflicts in terms of reality, thus robbing him of a possible outlet for those infantile phantasies which dominate all human beings. This perpetual grind with reality and the constant check to the inner strivings has led to repeated conscious suppressions so often that they were finally repressed into unconscious. Since a certain

amount of phantasy play is necessary to maintain an even tone of reality, the continuous repressions serve as another source for development of neurosis in Jews; to this may further be added the undue development in them of intense individualism on one hand and an equally ardent striving for socialization of their impulses on the other. Within the ego itself conflicts often arise between the real ego and the ideal ego, the one that knows and does, the other that only wishes and craves. While such ego conflict is an universal phenomenon, it is particularly accentuated in the Jew which explains why, while making supreme efforts to maintain reality adjustment, he has at the same time shown a most tenacious adherence to cultural and spiritual ideals.

While some of the points made by the author are open to argument and need restatement, the thesis on a whole is well maintained and the article will repay careful reading. It is interesting to note that the author who is primarily interested in organic neurology found it useful to employ psychoanalytic concepts for the explanation of a social phenomenon. The world does move on. Where static sociology and academic psychology are still groping in darkness, analytic psychology helps to illumine the deeper recesses of human activity.

In an article "*Sex Hygiene in the Light of Analytic Experience*" (Mental Hygiene, Oct., 1923), Dr. C. P. Oberndorf traces the evolution of the sex instinct from the autoerotic stages to heterosexuality. While the child in the earliest stages occupies itself unrestrainedly with the indulgence of its instinctive needs and will, in the course of education a life-long battle between the impulses and the cultural demands arises. A certain amount of love and tenderness seems absolutely necessary for the full emotional development of the average child, and the unloved child, reacting unconsciously to the infantile lack, may have great difficulty in adjusting to adult love and social exigencies.

The sex education of the child is inseparably interwoven with the training of other bodily functions, and begins at the same time, namely, when the child leaves the crib. This being so, the first essential for satisfactory sex instruction would be the provision of the child with competent parents—usually obviously impossible. While the sex impressions obtained from parents during childhood are most lasting and most powerful because they become unconscious, they can subsequently be molded and modified, especially at the momentous period of physiological puberty, through intelligent educational assistance.

Sex education is best left untouched until the child makes some pointed allusion to sex topics or indulges in some overt sex act. It is a mistake to withhold from or distort sexual truths to a child in so far as he is capable of grasping them intellectually. During adolescence the boy or girl is entitled to be made acquainted with the essential

physiological facts of the sex life of human beings, not from analogy to plant life. This information should be imparted simply, without an artificial aura of sacredness or secretness. Instruction should be given to each child individually, privately and specifically at opportune moments from the ages of four to eighteen. Attempts at sex instruction in groups or classes is not to be recommended because the lecturer fails to establish the essential personal contact with his hearers and each one of the boys and girls puts his own interpretation upon what is said. The time should not be far distant when each high school student will be granted the opportunity to present his individual conceptions and sex problems in his own terms to a confidant, with the feeling that eventually if not immediately the vexing problems will be answered to his satisfaction. The author feels that the analytic method of approach, with the subject in the reclining posture, would be productive of the best results in the above suggested procedure.

The analysis of many physicians impresses one with the startling lack of any sex instruction to medical students. A brief course in the manifestations of sex life both normal and abnormal, is entitled to a place in the medical curriculum, so as to equip physicians to intelligently cope with problems of sex hygiene in the individual and in the community. Moreover a knowledge of sexual psychopathology would enable physicians to avoid pitfalls in diagnosis where the etiology of a somatic symptom is psychosexual and the treatment psychological rather than medicinal or surgical.

Transitivity, the Loss of the Limits of the Personality, and the Primitive Mental Attitude in Schizophrenia. ANNA GRUSZEKA. *Schweizer Archiv. f. Neurol. und Psychiat.*, Vol. 15, No. 1, 1924, p. 64.

By careful comparison of the various symptoms in schizophrenia, in reference to one of her own cases, Gruszecka seeks to give precision to a special syndrome, that of the loss of the limits of the personality. Examining the concept of transitivity introduced into psychiatry by Wernicke and interpreted by him as autopsychic disorientation, but later defined by Bleuler as a peculiar disorder of thinking which causes the patient to affirm that a part of his experiences or personality has become split off and attached to some other person in the environment, Gruszecka suggests that the group of facts connected with the phenomenon may be better accounted for, if the factor of partial or total identification with persons in the environment upon whom projection is made, be also taken into consideration; the relation of transitivity with certain other symptoms then becomes evident. This group of symptoms, as instanced by Gruszecka's case, may coexist with others, which, strictly speaking, are not dependent on the transformation of the personality and the effacement of its boundaries; for example with delusions based

on the paranoid mechanism, with certain delusions of grandeur or persecution, and with disturbances in the centripetal fields. While in delusions due to disturbances in the centripetal fields, the effacement of the boundaries of the personality is not directly recognizable, it makes its appearance in accompanying symptoms. The ideas of thought transference, transitivity, *apersonalization*, and total identification are successive steps indicating increasing degrees of transformation of the personality, and almost parallel with this progression is the simplification of the psychological mechanism. Those delusional ideas which occupy a middle place in this scale present characteristics of the mechanisms due to centripetal disturbances, or, more generally, of the paranoiac mechanism, on the one hand, and, on the other, characteristics of the transitive mechanism. The increasing simplification of the psychological mechanism in the scale of psychotic symptoms is manifested clinically by a progressive retreat from reality.

In this study of coexistent psychotic symptoms, Gruszecka finds confirmation for the view which regards the loss of the limits of the personality as a distinct psychotic syndrome peculiar to schizophrenia, and suggests that transitivity, involving as it does a high degree of the loss of these limits, may be used as a means of orientation and as a guide to the discovery of the whole syndrome.

With this syndrome established, she continues, the hypothesis which explains the phenomena in schizophrenia by an analogy with primitive thinking becomes highly probable. Recent psychiatrists, as Storch and Kretschmer, continuing the researches of Freud, Bleuler and Jung, and finding support in the work of Lévy-Bruhl, have endeavored to establish this analogy. From experiences in dreams, in profound hypnosis, and in certain hysterical conditions, they consider it probable that under certain conditions mental levels of an earlier evolutionary stage are reached. We have then a regression of psychic function, a return to an earlier stage of development (Kretschmer). In the schizophrenic this regression is nearly always only partial and the two symptoms most characteristic of it seem to be the loss of the boundaries of the personality and condensation. For example the phenomenon of projection, though evidently allied to the loss of boundaries of the personality and condensation and also found in primitive thinking, makes its appearance in normal life and in psychoses in which there is no regression. Condensation and the loss of boundaries of the personalities do not result in delusions which simply express the hopes or fears of the patient, and they do not depend entirely on the existence of these emotions. To explain the origin of their theme and sometimes of their form we are obliged to have recourse to the thought forms of primitives and it is only by means of the light thus thrown on them that their peculiar material becomes intelligible.

C. WILLARD.

BOOK REVIEWS

OUTLINES OF PSYCHIATRY. By William A. White. Tenth Revised Edition. Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company. Washington and New York.

This work of Dr. White's has been the leading textbook of psychiatry in the United States almost from its first edition. With each succeeding revision it has grown in favor and authority and now in its tenth edition, incorporating the most valuable of the recent advances in psychopathology and psychiatry it stands preëminent not only because of its grasp of the movement within the science of psychopathology and the art of psychiatry, but because of its author's singular facility for extracting from the many diverse studies in the field the kernel of their meaning and being able to present it in clear simple terms.

This faculty for clarity of expression of complex and subtle phenomena has given this work its great pedagogic value, while at the same time the author's daily contact with mental disorders has given him an insight into psychological dynamics which few authors possess and even fewer the capacity to tell these intuitional aspects to others.

This edition incorporates some extremely interesting newer material which will render the work of even greater value to general practitioners who may seek for light in this to them almost unknown field. These features take up general problems of extraneural pathology showing the effects upon the various bodily systems of the inner drive. Thus the cardiovascular system responses to certain types of mental disturbance are most instructively shown. Why does the dementia precox type of individual tend to break down in his respiratory organs, and the paranoid type develop compensatory cardiovascular hypertrophies and go under by hemorrhagic or hyperplastic processes, etc.? This and similar aspects of an integral unity of so-called "body and mind" stamps this work as more than a treatise on psychiatry, but one that encompasses a truly neohippocratic ideal, namely, that psychical processes represent the essential dynamics of the human body, to which all other forms of energy exchange are adaptive reactions. In spite of all kinds of externally hindering processes, accident, infection, surmenage, etc., the human organism strives to carry out "purposeful aims," conscious in part, immensely greater unconscious. This interactionism is registered in both metabolic and social behavior. When a break occurs in the former we speak of organic disease, benign or malignant, when in the latter we deal with syndromes of neuroses, psychoses or antisocial conduct.

It is this larger aspect of affiliation of the psychiatric discipline with medicine in general that has characterized these outlines from the start.

SIGMUND FREUD, HIS PERSONALITY, HIS TEACHING, AND HIS SCHOOL.
By Fritz Wittels. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1924.

Perhaps no more important individual lives among us to-day than Freud. One who has, by his genius, opened up more new avenues of research, thought and speculation the end of which no one can foresee. Therefore, any work dealing with his life and work, particularly one that essays to give some insight into his personal characteristics and intimate thought and life, is most welcome as calculated to illumine a personality of rapidly increasing importance.

Wittels' book is first and foremost most interestingly, indeed one may say entertainingly, written. One interested in the subject will, if he chances to pick it up, not lay it aside unfinished. It is a smoothly flowing history of the psychoanalytic movement as it unfolded itself in the mind of its founder and an account of some of the results that flowed from this development especially so far as they concerned him personally.

The book not only gives an intimate sketch of the master, his early days and the influence upon him of his teachers, but the evolution of some of the more important of the psychoanalytic tenets (anxiety neurosis, narcissism, bipolarity, etc.) together with the author's views thereon, but also outlines his relations with his three principal pupils, Adler, Jung, and Stekel, devoting a chapter to each and giving the causes that led up to his final break with them.

The book is excellently translated and with the exception of Freud's own history of the psychoanalytic movement, is the best historical account of psychoanalysis available.

WHITE.

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